THE AMERICAN CHURCH MONTHLY

Selden Peabody Delany, D.D., Editor

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EDITED BY

Rev. Selden Peabody Delany

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The American Church Monthly

A Magazine of comment, criticism and review dealing with questions confronting the Anglican Communion and more especially the Church in the United States

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Root of All Evil

THE authorities of the Church, as represented by the Presiding Bishop and Council and the various departments, are deeply concerned that everyone should realize that the Nation-Wide Campaign is not a campaign instituted primarily for the purpose of raising money, but rather for the purpose of spiritually reviving the people of the Church. Apparently they entertain the suspicion that money is something to be ashamed of and that the less we say about it in our churches the better. It is presumably beneath the dignity of the Church to appear to be concerned with so mundane and carnal a thing as money. May we respectfully suggest that those who talk this way about money have slipped into a strange confusion of thought? We find it difficult to understand why there should be so grave a misconception of the nature of money in this money-loving age.

The truth is of course that there is no evil in money. Money is a perfectly neutral thing, like gold, silver, stone, iron or paper; it has moral values only in so far as they are attached to it by its use. The Scriptures say nothing about money being evil; they do tell us that the *love* of money is the root of all kinds of evil; but that is quite a different matter. The love of money is a passion that gets possession of our hearts; while money is something external to us, and can have no intrinsic moral or spiritual value.

When the Church therefore asks people for their money she is not doing a reprehensible thing—she is not stooping to some shameful practice which she must perforce carry on in the dark; she is simply trying to make people love their money less and teaching them to part with it cheerfully for the love of God. It is an act of supreme wisdom on the part of the Church to ask her people to give freely of their money. There are few better ways of elevating the desires and affections of the people than by persuading them to surrender their money to God.

Do we not too often forget that alms-giving is one of the three notable Christian duties taught by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount? It has been given the same sanction by our Lord as the other two duties of prayer and fasting. Alms-giving is quite as spiritual a practice as prayer. When a rector urges his congregation to give money to the Church and its work, he is making quite as spiritual an appeal as when he asks them to take part in a day of intercession.

We hope therefore that the authorities of the Church will in future allow the Nation-Wide Campaign and other similar campaigns to be conducted on a basis of unsuspected veracity. There is no reason why we need feel ashamed in supplying opportunities to the people to offer part of their income to God. Should we not deal with one thing at a time, frankly and honestly? If the Church needs money, why not say so? If the Church needs a spiritual revival, why not lay careful and deliberate plans for a nation-wide preaching mission? Let us not bring the Church into contempt by trying to disguise a money-raising campaign as a spiritual revival, or by making a spiritual revival an ill-concealed excuse for an attempt to raise money.

Honor To Whom Honor

WHEN a priest walks along the crowded streets of a city he is impressed by the large number of people who greet him with some act of reverence. Boys and men make a military salute or uncover their heads; older women bow and sometimes even make a courtesy; little girls stop and courtesy with extreme respect; sometimes one hears them whispering "Praised be Jesus Christ," or more likely the words are spoken in some foreign tongue. He is not allowed to forget for a moment that he is a priest. Possibly this is why some of our clergy prefer to dress as laymen; they do not wish to be regarded as priests!

Who are these people who thus salute the clergy? It would be interesting to engage them in conversation and inquire where they attend church. Many of them are Irish; some are Germans or Italians or Poles; none of them are Jews. If a priest becomes weary of returning these reverential greetings he could find abundant relaxation by walking for a mile or two in the Ghetto on the lower east side of New York. The swarming multitudes who jostle him as he passes will not trouble him with any salute.

When a priest walks along Fifth Avenue among the throngs of well-groomed and elaborately dressed shoppers from all sections of the country, will he find that the rich and socially favored acknowledge his priesthood by any act of reverence? No, not they —with rare exceptions. Such of them as are not simply pagans are doubtless fashionable Episcopalians or some respectable brand of Protestants. People of that sort would never dream of saluting a priest. Preposterous idea! Why, he might be a Roman Catholic, and it would be a frightful *faux pas* for a Protestant to salute a Roman Catholic priest!

Can it be that all the people who take off their hats or bow to the clergy as they pass them on the street are Roman Catholics? If so, what is the origin and meaning of this strange custom? No doubt it is part of a Popish plot to keep the people in servile submission to their clergy. In childhood their minds are filled with some sort of superstitious teaching about the priest being a representative of Christ. That of course must be the explanation of the utterance of the little girls, "Praised be Jesus Christ."

But what of our own clergy? Are our priests and bishops rep-

resentatives of Jesus Christ; are they fellow-workers with Him; have they been taken up by Him into His glorious High Priesthood? If not, what are they? Are they simply managers of a religious club; are they only lecturers who hold forth on Sunday on matters of popular religious interest? If they are the representatives of Jesus Christ, why not treat them with some respect when we meet them on the street? Why not train our children to show them reverence and honor? There may indeed be the possibility that they may sometimes salute a Roman Catholic priest; but then are not Roman Catholic priests the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God as well as our own clergy? Besides Roman Catholics by the thousand salute our clergy as priests. Why should we not return the courtesy?

Church Unity While You Wait

AN interesting step in the direction of Christian unity has been taken in the formation of a federation between the First Unitarian and the North Congregational Churches of Belfast, Maine. These two congregations appear to have effected a merger on the basis of ignoring all differences of belief. There is apparently an increasing assimilation between the Congregationalists and the Unitarians in New England. These followers of the new dream of unity are building on the principle that it makes no difference whatever what anybody thinks—they would not use the word "believes"—as that is a bit antiquated, in their opinion.

Here are the Articles of Federation:

Article I. The Unitarian Church and Parish and the Congregational Church and Parish of Belfast, Maine, agree to unite for the purpose of supporting a pastor, holding meetings together and carrying on religious work in the city of Belfast.

Article II. The organization thus established shall be known as The Federated Churches of Belfast.

Article III. All members of either church or parish shall be regarded as members of this organization, and entitled to vote on all matters pertaining to the purposes of the organization.

Any person not a member of either of these churches or parishes, may become a member of this organization on recommendation of the Executive Committee by majority vote of the members of the organization, present at any meeting.

Article IV. Each of said churches shall maintain its separate identity and organization.

Article V. An executive committee of ten shall be chosen by the members of this organization at the annual meeting, who shall have general charge of the business interests and material welfare of the organization, except the calling or dismissal of a pastor.

They shall elect a clerk and treasurer, appoint such sub-committees and other officers as they see fit and prescribe their powers and duties.

Article VI. The regular Sunday service and Sunday School shall be held in the Unitarian Church and seats therein shall be free.

Article VII. In the case of vacancy in the pastorate a new pastor shall be chosen by a majority vote of the members of this organization present at any annual or special meeting. They may also by a similar vote accept the resignation of a pastor.

Article VIII. This agreement shall become effective when accepted by a vote of said churches and parishes, and shall continue in force one year, and until terminated as herein provided.

After the expiration of one year, either of said churches and parishes may by majority vote of members present at any legal meeting, terminate the agreement.

Article IX. The annual meeting of this organization shall be held the first Monday in October at 7.30 p. m., and notice of the place of such meeting shall be announced from the pulpit on the previous Sunday.

Article X. Special meetings of the members of this organization may be held at the close of the morning service on any Sunday, notice of which shall be announced from the pulpit on that or the preceding Sunday.

Article XI. Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting.

Article XII. These articles may be amended by two-thirds vote of the members present at any annual or special meeting of this organization.

About a year ago, at a Forefathers' Dinner in Boston at which the Congregational Club and the Unitarian Club ate together in loving fellowship, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton propounded as the theme of the hour the high duty of the two denominations to dwell together in unity. Committees of both clubs were formed to investigate and report whether such a union could be brought about. We ought soon to hear of another such dinner and a report

of progress. The Belfast union is doubtless a part of the same movement.

In a recent issue of the *Boston Globe* there was notice of a call for a conference on a proposed covenant of unity put forth by Dr. Boynton, Dr. Newman Smythe and Dr. Williston Walker. It is addressed to all churches and one of its articles requires that members of any church shall be accepted as the members of all churches. Nothing is said of limiting such fellowship by any conditions of belief. We shall undoubtedly hear more of this sort of thing. It may be a beginning of the expansive Pan-Protestant Church which we have been predicting.

Some Fruits of the Anglo-Catholic Congress

THIRTY or forty years ago the doings of our Catholic parishes here and in England used to provide matter for the news columns of the daily papers. Today such matter—so common has it become—has ceased to have news value. If an American paper reports anything of the Church of England it is more likely to be some denial of the faith or some approval of birth control by a dignitary of the Establishment. But we read nothing of the great and significant results of the Anglo-Catholic Congress. Its first great fruit was last summer's Convention of twelve hundred Anglo-Catholic priests at Oxford. The English church papers now tell us of the plans developed there. The Convention entrusted to the guidance of the Federation of Catholic Priests the task of working out a vast missionary campaign intended to reach every corner of England, Scotland and Wales. This evangelical campaign, for greater priestly efficiency and for the conversion of men, women and children to a living faith in and devotion to the person of our Lord, is to commence immediately after the second Anglo-Catholic Congress, which is to gather in London in the summer of 1923. During the summer of 1922 there are to be local Anglo-Catholic congresses in various provincial centers, while, throughout the next eighteen months, the clergy will be gathered at many centers for retreats and for training in the work of the great campaign. The news should stir us all in this country—to fresh efforts to work together here in a similar way, and to prayers for this splendid endeavor in England.

In its announcement of this missionary campaign the Oxford Convention invited "all priests who teach and practice the essentials of Catholicism" to take part. A letter in the *Church Times* inquired what, precisely, this terminology implied. The letter brought a reply which we believe will interest our readers:

> On the right answer to this important question depends whether or not the Anglo-Catholic Evangelical Campaign is to be as great a futility as the late National Mission, or a great spiritual adventure of historical importance wherever the English tongue is spoken and for generations yet unborn.
>
> The Catholic Faith claims to be (1) the whole Faith with all its implications; (2) to be centred around the Mass. "It is the Mass that matters." The Blessed Sacrament is the centre of the Catholic's life much as a verbally inspired Book was the center of an old-fashioned evangelical's life.
>
> (3) The Catholic religion claims not only to be spiritual, but to be definitely supernatural. It has no necessary connection with a State or Parliament, or any set of endowments. It is not governed by the retired colonels and elderly spinsters of the parish councils, or the satraps of the Life and Liberty Movement, but by Catholic bishops and by Catholic Synods. It certainly is not inherently, and cannot long be actually, a mere party in a National Church, or a licensed group in an ecclesiastical confederation which includes Unitarians and Arians in modern dress. If need be it must be prepared to march out boldly from its churches and to surrender its endowments, and thus to cast the chains of Herod from its limbs.
>
> (4) It claims the practice of the Seven Sacraments for all. It claims to restore the Blessed Company of Heaven to their proper place in the lives and devotions of English-speaking people.
>
> (5) Anglo-Catholics claim that the Deformation of Religion in the sixteenth century has been proved by history to be a failure, and decline much longer to be bound by the obsolete documents of that century, which reflect the theological quarrels of the political parties of that day.
>
> (6) Anglo-Catholics claim that the conversion to Catholicism, which they rightly or wrongly hold to be the complete form of historical Christianity, is their grand object, which they must pursue quite apart from any thought of the worldly interests of a State Church. They claim to regard the interference of Crown or Parliament with spiritual matters as the principle of anti-Christ.
>
> (7) The ideal of Anglo-Catholics is to build the Second Temple of the Lord in this land, and their motto may be taken from the prophet Haggai:—
>
> *Magna erit gloria Domus istius novissimae plus quam primae, dicit Dominus.*

(8) Anglo-Catholics acknowledge that the conversion of England from a respectable Anglicanism supported by the State and the "Spectator," is a task almost as formidable as the conversion of the Roman Empire by St. Paul and his successors. And yet they know that, by the blessing of God, it can be done.

Therefore those who are not prepared to sell all that they have in the way of endowments and churches, and go out for the whole-hearted conversion of England to the Catholic religion, cannot well be missioners in this campaign.

If this spirit of risking all for Christ's sake is to guide the missionaries of this great evangelical effort God will surely bless it and we may look for results which will amaze the most optimistic.

The English Modernists and Professor Lake

THE "Modernist" conference at Cambridge, England, was sensational both in its character and effects. Theories which had previously been set forth in somewhat guarded language, or in books read only by a few, were given clear utterance from the platform and were carried everywhere by the press reports. "The man in the street" was startled by the discovery that learned professors of theology and clergy in high places were calmly laying aside the creeds as outworn, asserting that Jesus Christ was not Man but a man, and ascribing to Him a divinity different from that of other men only in degree, but not in kind. The protest called forth has been general and vigorous. Bishop Gore, especially, has learnedly and emphatically championed the Faith in a notable communication to the *Church Times*, and in an equally remarkable speech before the London E. C. U.

We believe that good will come from this revelation that views are held by many supposed Churchmen which are utterly antagonistic to the belief of the Universal Church. Men will perceive the true meaning of ambiguous phrases, and will recognize that the demands for a restatement of old doctrines are in fact an attack on the Catholic Faith regarding the Person of Christ.

A curious and interesting interlude of the conference let out the fact that the "Modernists" are not quite as up to date as their chosen appellation would imply, and that they stand on the low level attained by the German "liberals" of twenty years ago. Sev-

eral of the speakers repudiated with great emphasis the views expressed in the recent volume, "The Beginnings of Christianity," edited by Dr. Lake and Dr. Foakes Jackson, evidently feeling that these tended to cut the ground from under their feet. In this fear they were completely justified. The difficulty is that the "reduced" Christianity of our Modernist friends, who seek to eliminate the supernatural from the Gospels and who prefer to preach Jesus Christ simply as a supreme moral guide and as an inspiring example, is not the Christianity of either the Church or the New Testament. The critical principles and naturalistic preconceptions which they apply to the New Testament will not permit them to stop where they do; and, as Lake and Jackson make plain, the elements which they retain and on which they put their entire emphasis are not those stressed in the witness of the Evangelists and in the teaching of the Apostles. They are clinging to religious values they are unwilling to relinquish, while logic is driving them to a negation from which they shrink. They must either return to full Catholic doctrine or make a still further departure.

The above-mentioned work, "The Beginnings of Christianity," which was the object of severe criticism on the part of several members of the conference was defended in a paper by Prof. Foakes Jackson. He explained the apparent detachment and coldness noticeable in its attitude toward the Person and teaching of our Lord as due to the pursuing of a purely scientific method of study, a method more often followed on the continent than elsewhere. For the clearing up of obscurities and a fuller and more popular treatment of many of the problems touched on he referred to the lectures delivered by Dr. Lake at Oberlin a year ago, since published under the title "Landmarks of Early Christianity." It is well worth while to turn to this volume and observe the position taken by this distinguished scholar, who still retains his status as a clergyman of the Church of England. It is so radical in every way that we can hardly suppose that Dr. Foakes Jackson, himself also a priest of the English Church, although a professor in the Union Theological Seminary, can be in complete agreement with his collaborator. At least he may be given the benefit of the doubt until he so proclaims himself.

Of course there is little that is absolutely new in Professor Lake's views, as they are nearly those of Bousset in his later works. But it is difficult to see how anyone can hold them and

call himself a Christian in any proper sense of this term. Quotations nearly always give an unfair or inadequate idea of an author's thought, but we will venture on one or two. On page 33 he asserts that "the teaching of Jesus represents a non-resistent attitude which has come to be described as pacifist." On page 35 he comments thus: "The war has brought out the human limitations of the ethics of Jesus by the horizon of his time as clearly as the application of literary criticism to the Old Testament brought out the defects of his knowledge of the authorship of the Jewish scriptures." The "liberals" therefore, must no longer regard Him as authoritative in morals. On page 78 we read: "The Jesus of history is quite different from the Lord assumed as the founder of Catholic Christianity. The Church conquered the world by offering salvation through a redeeming Lord. Jesus made no such offer: to him the kingdom of God, the pearl of great price, was the natural inheritance of men, if only they would take it." On pages 92, 93 we find: "The whole question of the expectation of immortality is as obscure as it is interesting. Direct evidence in favor of a survival of individual consciousness after death is provided in the present by psychical research, and from the past by narratives of the apparitions of the dead, among which the story of the appearances of the risen Jesus must be classed. To most minds the evidence does not justify a decisive verdict of any nature." Rather strong even for "liberals!" Dr. Lake himself seems to think (pp. 96, 97) that the future existence will be the loss of personality and absorption in the "Immaterial Reality." We all admire the learning and respect the high character of Professor Lake, but it is small wonder the Cambridge conference shrank back from the abyss which they saw yawning before them.

Is Birth-Control a Sin?

A WOMAN by the name of Mrs. Sanger, *The New Republic, The Nation,* and other inspired spokesmen of the American intelligentsia, have been heaping scorn upon the devoted head of Archbishop Hayes because he has dared to attack the champions of race suicide. It is almost foolhardy nowadays to proclaim in any public place that married people have the right to have children at all. The Archbishop has indeed been bold. Here are

public-spirited citizens of high social repute who are doing their utmost to prevent over-population of our spacious land, so that this generation may live out its time in physical comfort and mental tranquility; and up springs this obscurantist ecclesiastic to confute them with mediaeval arguments! As if that were not enough, he uses his influence with the administration to induce an Irish police captain to break up the meeting they have called for the purpose of enlightening the ignorant but prolific inhabitants of Manhattan as to the best methods of terminating their ancient family lines. We might as well be back in the Dark Ages!

In the furious controversy that has subsequently arisen, little attention has been given to a question which is really fundamental to the whole discussion, namely, Why is birth-control a sin? To this question there can be but one answer. It is a sin because it is tampering with the primary end of marriage, and with the divinely ordained method of continuing the human race. In other words, it is contrary to the revealed will of God.

If this be so, it may be asked, why does not the Almighty punish this flagrant and widespread disobedience to His law? The answer to that question is simple—He does. He punishes it by death. St. Paul's statement of sin in general—"the wages of sin is death"—is peculiarly applicable to the sin of birth-control. It does lead inevitably to the extinction of those portions of the race that practice birth-control. Each family rarely bears more than one or two children, and expert statisticians have told us that any racial stock which averages less than four children to a family will become extinct in a few generations. Before our very eyes the Almighty is punishing by gradual extinction the Puritan and Protestant and free-thinking elements of the American population. The only elements that will survive are the Catholic and the orthodox Jewish elements, for they alone are reproducing themselves with sufficient fecundity to secure the continuation of their racial and family traditions.

There is a highly comic aspect to this frantic appeal of the feeble and vanishing strata of our society to the vigorous groups which have enough faith in their ideals and traditions to hand them on through flesh and blood to coming generations. It is as if a crowd of hoodlums had fallen into a miry swamp, from which they could not extricate themselves, and with black faces and mouths filled with mud were calling out to clean, happy children romping on the hillside: "Come on in, the mud is soft and cool, and we are sinking."

Mr. Wells and his Outline

Rev. Frederick S. Penfold, D.D.

NO DOUBT many people will read the "Outline of History" by Mr. H. G. Wells. A third and cheap edition of the work is now on the market, which would indicate that the earlier editions sold readily enough to give confidence to the publishers. Mr. Wells' reputation would of course sell the book. He is already well known as a writer of fiction. It is not hard to believe that the "Outline" will make him even better known in the same character. Especially is this true of that brief portion of the book in which the writer discusses, and disposes of, the Christian religion.

The mischief of this sort of book lies in an odd circumstance, to-wit: that the average person seizes eagerly upon historical works when the same proceed from well known imaginative writers. Probably people hope that when such an one turns his pen to the narration of facts his skillful touch will make the humdrum to blossom as the bizarre. Mr. Wells has written some strange stories in his time; and judging from the chapters referred to he has, at all events, written what will prove the reliability of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. What is quite apparent is that Mr. Wells has taken over into the writing of history that author's license which, most of all things perhaps, gives charm to imaginative literature, that is the right that the author possesses to end a story any way he chooses. In the last chapter he may marry the duchess to the king or have her take the stump for suffrage. The trouble with this hilarious freedom when applied to facts is that sometimes, as a matter of history, the duchess retires to a nunnery. History rarely turns out as one wishes. The duchess often ends by doing something perfectly uninteresting. But not for Mr. Wells. He planned her career before he described her in the first chapter. She will end as Mr. Wells wishes her to end or he will know the reason why.

The title "Outline," also, is not without appropriateness. An outline does not have to be filled in. A silhouette, while not without form, is certainly void. An empty barrel casts the same shadow as a full barrel. A barrel of coal oil presents the same outline as a barrel of Tokay. And if one is concerned only with describing an outline it is unreasonable, probably, to expect one to take thought for what fills it. Though, to be sure, the whole

philosophy that accounts for the thing and its entire bearing may be in what fills it; and having failed to take that into account one may fail, really, to describe the thing at all. This lapse Mr. Wells has committed in his estimate of the Person and work of Christ. He speaks as one suffering from the limitation of being cut off from all information that could inform. His outline is like the description a stone-deaf person might write of a room full of persons dancing. The writer cannot hear the music. He sees, quite simply, a number of human beings holding one-another round the waist and madly and irrationally capering. Suddenly they begin. Without adequate reason they all stop at once. After a half minute spent in laughing and clapping their hands these evidently unbalanced people all resume at once their mincing or striding. It is all quite senseless to the deaf man. That deaf man is Mr. Wells; only one cannot help noticing that he has, for his own reasons, hermetically sealed his own ears.

Also, as to outlines, there is a class of outline which is intentionally confined to outline because, with the materials at hand, nothing else can be furnished. Such are those shadows cast upon a sheet, for the entertainment of the young, by someone with clever fingers. The shadow is flat. It yields no perspective. The ears of the rabbit may be out of drawing with the head, but it does not show from the other side. The success of the illusion depends upon the voluntary abandonment of the whole matter of relative values. A thing is identified by an imperfect aspect secured by the fact that the beholder must see it only from one side, where he sits in darkness. So Mr. Wells, hidden behind the sheet, but not very well hidden, contorts his fingers for the entertainment of the world sitting in unenlightenment and worse. And what may easily happen happens to Mr. Wells. There is a restricted repertoire to this sport. The ten fingers lend themselves only to the simulation of some few easily recognized and familiar objects. The rabbit is obvious because he can be known by his characteristic ears and so is the favorite. And it is so fatally easy to fall just short of the silhouette of the rabbit and to give the distinct impression of the ears of the jackass. An outline of the origin of Christianity which takes no account of the literature of the subject nor of its history, which bases itself upon what can only be a materialistic dogma, which asks its readers to accept the final disposition of something which is alive and vital

to some hundreds of millions of contemporaries in a few generalizations which may have been incisive when said for the first time but are now worn to dullness, such an outline is unconvincing to the persons on the other side of the sheet. The ears are so patently the fingers of Mr. Wells: one suspects, even, that they may be the ears of Mr. Wells.

Probably it is not worth while to deal with Mr. Wells' position from the scientific standpoint. He is not likely to read what we say. Having already ignored what all the scholars and savants of Christendom have said it is too much to hope that he will read his contemporaries—at least with attention. And as for his readers it is hardly probable that the sort of discussion which would refute the historian would be read at all by the sort of person who would be influenced by the history. We must content ourselves with noticing those serious lapses in method and logic which characterize his dealing with the subject, with some slight attention to inexcusable lapses in matters of fact.

Mr. Wells demonstrates the proposition that there is nothing new to say against the Christian thesis. There is only one way in which the latter can be correct and there is only a limited number of ways in which it can be wrong. The historian mentions some of these time-honored charges, exhibiting toward them entire respect as if no one had ever questioned them, and expecting his reader to do the same. Christ is a mere man, never having claimed to be anything else. His work was absolutely and entirely educative and prophetic, all idea of atonement being the later invention of St. Paul. Christ never suggested any system of worship or of priesthood nor proposed a church: in fact, in the later idea of Christianity it is doubtful if Christ could qualify as a Christian. These are, in general, Mr. Wells' positions. He offers nothing in the way of argument to support them; simply taking them for granted and evidently trusting the reading public to do likewise.

To begin with, this method is too much like the ordinary wrangling of the uninformed—"I say it is" and "I say it is not"—to find place in a serious historical work. We speak of it as historical because Mr. Wells has included that work in the title; and serious, because there can be no doubt Mr. Wells takes it all that way. As such the work deserves something better protected than these bald statements. The thing itself is too big and too far reaching. It cannot be dealt with by the method, so evidently

adopted by the historian, known as "laughing it off." If it can be disproved a historical work is the place in which to disprove it. Had Mr. Wells discovered that all histories hitherto had been mistaken regarding the dates of Rameses Second he would no doubt have eased up his recital with a foot-note or indulged himself in an appendix showing that process of reasoning or sequence of facts by which he established the one and disestablished the other. If Christianity be a burst bubble he ought, at least, to allow himself a parenthesis in which to show the world how it burst.

And this brings us to the first general disqualification of Mr. Wells' method—that is that he has taken no account of the external evidence. He has endeavored to describe our Lord without considering the history of Christianity, a manifest impossibility. He says "we shall tell what men believed about him but him we shall treat as being what he appeared to be, a man;" and again "we shall hold closely to the apparent facts." This sounds immensely fair but, actually, after two thousand years, is it possible for anyone to look back at the figure of Christ and see Him shorn of that which constitutes Christian history? Certainly not save by way of inveterate prejudice and antecedent prepossession. How can one examine the person and character of Napoleon now, independently of the mischief he made and the achievements he accomplished? Are not his historic performances and the lasting influence of him upon the continent of Europe the sole reason for analyzing his character or recording his existence? Or is it likely that historians and character students will make elaborate studies of Corsican non-commissioned officers of artillery who happened to flourish about the beginning of the 19th century? Mr. Wells has made an effort to include our Lord in such a category. "This," he says "is what we have done in the case of Buddha and what we shall do with Mahommet." But this is not historic nor the historical method. Buddha has had his effect upon the world and so has Mahommet, but the effect was different and the effects proceeded from different causes and the men are different.

Mahommet claimed to be a prophet of God—no one has claimed any more for him that that. Every prophet is preeminently THE prophet of God while he lives. The last and ultimate pretension for Mahommet is that he is still, to his followers, THE prophet. Buddha attained wisdom, taught it and succeeded in being ab-

sorbed into the soul of the universe, achieving, so to speak, distinction through extinction. To liken these men to Christ or to judge them by the same standards one must go back so far into elementals that the classification is worthless. It is like saying that all three were bipeds.

Nor can the effect of their teaching be any more readily classified under one head or measured by the same stick. All three had for their first disciples what may be called roughly orientals. Mahommet and Buddha have stayed right there. Christ discoursed to people who were ethnologically quasi-oriental but who, as a vassal nation, dwelt in the midst of and under the presidence of the most elaborate and cultured western civilization then existent; a civilization which had developed and purified philosophy and metaphysics and dialectic in general to a point which has, in its broad lines, remained in that state; a state generally admitted to be final. The Roman political organization, interpenetrated by the Greek culture and thought and language, was the most elaborate, highly developed, far-reaching and efficient that had been produced up to that time and, Christianity aside, compares well with anything that has since come into being. Into contact with this powerful thing, at its zenith, came Christian teaching and the Person of Christ. In three centuries the whole thing was turned upside down. Christianity proceeded to build a new and better civilization which, in so far as it has remained Christian, has thriven and prospered and solidified itself. It has mothered Europe, the most active and productive continent on this planet, and the nations that have sprung from its loins are now policing and, most of the time, playing foster-father to, the backward peoples who for lack of Christianity are undeveloped and who, without the civilization for which Christianity is responsible, are in most crises helpless.

Our point is that it is impossible to classify in a list of public teachers and inspirers of the people a teacher who has had the effect Christ had with teachers whose effect upon the world has been no more or no different from that of Mahommet and Buddha. There is cause behind so much effect. Mr. Wells may or may not fancy the effect but why is there so much of it? Mr. Wells may disapprove of the civilization which has produced himself but why has it persisted so long and spread so far? This is what we mean by the external evidence, and it seems sufficiently plain that our

historian, not *quaerens monumenta,* has grimly declined to *circumspicere.* Paleologists calculate with confidence the strength of prehistoric men by the weight and size of their weapons and utensils. One person is distinguished from another in retrospect by their comparative achievements. Any inquiry regarding the person and work of Christ must begin where the beholder asks "How has He been able to accomplish so much?"

And this brings us to the second general disqualification of Mr. Wells' method and that is that he has taken no account of the internal evidence. It is the internal evidence which must account for the external. Mr. Wells says "we have to write not theology but history." But this is just what cannot be done regarding the Person of Christ. For the answer of the internal evidence to the inquiry of the external is solely and entirely concerned with the supernatural. Christianity is different because Christ is different. When Mr. Wells answers, in effect, "But I consider all that balderdash and have discounted it in advance as finding no place in a recital of facts," one is bound to answer, "But these are the facts and if you are recounting events you must recount these." For our quarrel with Mr. Wells' history is not that it is a poor history or inaccurate, or partial or biased. It is doubtless all these. But the main point is that it is not a history.

The difficulty created for the historian by the internal evidence is disposed of in a paragraph, the substance of which it may be worth while to quote as a perfect example of the direct method. He says: "Now it is a matter of fact that in the gospels all that body of theological assertion which constitutes Christianity finds little support. There is as the reader may see for himself no clear and emphatic assertion in these books of the doctrines which Christian teachers of all denominations find generally necessary to salvation. Except for one or two passages in St. John's Gospel it is difficult to get any words actually ascribed to Jesus in which He claimed to be the Jewish Messiah, and still more difficult to find any claim to be part of a godhead, or any passage in which he explained the doctrine of the atonement or urged any sacrifices or sacraments upon his followers. There is no evidence that the apostles of Jesus ever heard of the Trinity—at any rate from Him. The observance of the Jewish Sabbath, again, transferred to the Mithraic Sunday, is an important feature of many Christian cults; but Jesus deliberately broke the Sabbath and said

that it was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. All that is most characteristically Christian in worship and usage he ignored." Thus Mr. Wells. Could anything be more simple and yet more complete? What is there to say after this? One can only observe that Mr. Wells' contempt for Christianity falls short of his contempt for the mentality of persons likely to read his history.

Now in this passage and some more which are akin to it, the writer speaks unintelligently or disingenuously, with the disingenuousness of one who, having determined not to admit a given class of evidence, makes the assertion that the evidence does not exist. It is unintelligent because, having asserted previously that "almost our only sources of information about the personality of Jesus are derived from the four gospels," he will not look at the gospels as they really are. The gospels are narratives. They are accounts of doings. They are the history of the events of Christianity. He can hardly in his demand for "clear and emphatic assertions of doctrines," expect to hear Christ and the apostles talking in the language of the Lateran Council. And if they did, no doubt it would disqualify them as anachronistic—or it ought to do so. What, for instance, would be the effect upon the reader were some pseudo gospel to recount a discourse of Christ in which He recited a dozen clauses of the Athanasian Creed? It is an invariable sequence that theory follows events. The histories of the great war will begin to appear presently. But the works of scientific militarists and political economists, wherein will be the real lessons taught by the war, will follow many years hence; and they will be deductions from events, deductions which could only be dimly forecast by men who enacted the history itself. Christ, in His person, present and acting before the eyes of the Apostles, was Himself the Theology of Christianity in concrete form. His words, His acts, His Person —from these, clearly and well and intimately known to faithful and loving biographers, come those later statements in which, as in all else that is reasonable, the theory (that is the theology or doctrine) is deduced from the facts. This sort of thing is simply unintelligent and could not be applied to any other class of data without inviting ridicule.

As to disingenuousness—it is plain enough. When Mr. Wells tells us that Christ said nothing to indicate He was "part of a

godhead" or that He "urged no sacraments upon his followers" and similar things, we can only see that it is the merest bare-faced pretence. Mr. Wells is, no doubt, utterly sincere in his clear disbelief in the Christian thesis, but after all the facts are the facts. He has already admitted, in a sense, the validity of the gospels, stating that "they were certainly all in existence a few decades after the death" of Christ; and further, as we have seen, has vouched for their reliability as evidence, on the ground, apparently, that they do not say anything; and it is impossible to believe him to be unaware that the ground on which the very doctrines against which he animadverts have persisted and survived, in spite of the most furious and unrelenting attacks, and that among types of Christianity where nearly everything else generically Christian has lapsed and died out, their ground, we say, is in these very gospels supported by a weight of scholarship against which Mr. Wells may dash himself to pieces as many have done, but which he is powerless to budge.

Many men have said what Mr. Wells says about Christ, but the libraries of the world are bursting with the replies to their words, replies after which nothing has been or could be offered in rebuttal. He cannot be ignorant of this state of things: and while the ignoring of it is probably entirely consistent with his point of view, nevertheless it is a fact that any account of Christianity in which it is ignored is impossible to class as history.

Mr. Wells' statement (by no means novel), that St. Paul is actually responsible for the Christian theory as it has been known since his day, seems to contain one outstanding grievance for which, apparently, he cannot forgive the apostle: that is that St. Paul saw Christ in His Person and work as reasonable and in that way presented both to those who became his converts. Mr. Wells tells us: "What will be clear to anyone who reads his epistles side by side with the gospels is that his mind is saturated with an idea that does not appear at all prominently in the reported sayings and teachings of Jesus, the idea of a sacrificial person who is offered up to God as an atonement for sin. What Jesus preached was a new birth of the human soul; what Paul preached was the ancient religion of priest and altar and propitiatory bloodshed. Paul came to the Nazarenes with overwhelming force because he came to them with this completely satisfactory explanation of the disaster of the crucifixion."

No doubt it would be folly really to answer this objection in the terms of Christianity because Mr. Wells is not speaking in the terms of Christianity. In other words, he is not inveighing against Christianity because it is inconsistent or because it contradicts itself. His trouble is that it contradicts Mr. Wells. So let us say first that St. Paul is hardly to be disqualified because he made Christianity rational. Our historian is guilty of a dialectical lapse of the sort most frequently fallen into by persons who speak in irritation and testiness. My neighbor, let us say, whom I dislike, surrounds his premises with a stockade of walking sticks set six feet apart, the intervals being filled in with point lace. He or his servants are perpetually walking about this strange barrier apparently admiring it. After the first rash conclusion that my neighbor is insane I settle into the belief that the whole performance is a vulgar display of wealth. Both theories are somewhat comforting because on the first I can pity him and on the second I can despise him. One day I meet somebody who tells me that my neighbor, whose circumstances have become much reduced, has taken to eking out his income and providing for his obligations by the bleaching of lace: and is using for that purpose the only spot on the earth's surface which is really his own. This explanation cannot be the true one because it really does explain the matter with credit to my neighbor. If I were to accept this, I should be driven to admire that cheerful courage and resignation with which my neighbor has accepted his evil fortune and is playing up to it. In short I cannot accept the explanation because it explains. So St. Paul is to Mr. Wells a wordy charlatan or a deluded honest man because he offers what amounts to proof of something Mr. Wells would rather not have established. This is simply poor reasoning, all the poorer because in it the logician admits the premises while he boggles at the conclusion.

But look at the thing from the standpoint of the human mind. In India, we are told, men are seen to climb up ropes suspended from nothing whatever and then climb down. But a person who aspires to start a religion and offer a program for the lives of races and nations must be better authenticated. He must have his reasonable *point d'appui* somewhere. Mr. Wells says many admiring and reverent things of the beauties of the teachings of Christ. But this is the limit for Mr. Wells because to him our

Lord climbs down an unattached rope. It is the limit for anyone to whom Christ is not rationally accounted for. Mr. Wells states that some effort was made really to put into practice the teachings of Christ but that they have become feeble because they have been overlaid by and lost among that avalanche of claptrap which has sprung up round the Christian theory. How long does Mr. Wells suppose Christian practice would have continued had Christ been to every convert no more than He is to Mr. Wells? The apostle Paul presented to men a reasonable Christ whose acts made sense, whose Person was venerable and whose teaching had rational claim to authority. Men will not upset their lives and the social order in which they live, and all at great cost to themselves, without good reason. If that reason is the word and assurance of a person, then that person must be shown to be of more than ordinary consequence. In the providence of God the epistles of Paul were written and have been preserved for the purpose of converting and comforting, among others, Mr. Wells. St. Paul pays Mr. Wells a compliment to which the latter cannot be indifferent—he implies that Mr. Wells, like himself, is a rationalist: that is, that before he takes grave action, he requires a reasonable satisfying of his mind as to the ground on which action should be taken. Now this ground, while rational, is not simple. It involves certain inquiry into and reference to internal evidence—not too difficult a matter, as is shown by the universal success which has followed those who essayed to it. Mr. Wells, if it is all the same to St. Paul, begs to be excused. But after this courtesy the historian should not reward the apostle with treatment which is suspiciously like "showing temper."

There is one other general sort of carping at the Christian religion on Mr. Wells' part of which a typical instance ought to be noted. He says in a certain place: "This doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, which was the main teaching of Jesus and which plays so small a part in the Christian creeds, etc." This point, that is the supposed abandonment by Christianity of the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven, is elaborated at some length. It is generically identical with other statements in the outline, and our point is that in the first place it is not true, and in the second, whether it be true or false it does not concern Mr. Wells. For the reason that it is a matter which can only be judged from inside the Christian religion and Mr. Wells cannot well have the thing

both ways. That is, he cannot condemn the fundamental thesis and then find inconsistencies in the system which can only be explained by the fundamental thesis. Of course there is no one thing about which Christianity talks and performs so energetically and so unremittingly as it does about the Kingdom of Heaven. But it is a phrase and an idea which can only be explained in the terms of Christianity. The Church, which accepts in toto and bases itself upon, a revelation which the historian will not take seriously, knows what it means by the Kingdom of Heaven, and Mr. Wells is estopped from knowing that thing by his own self limitation in spiritual acceptance. He might be the speaker of those lines of Oliver Hereford wherein the name of the hippopotamus is divided into its Greek roots and the stanza ends with the lines:

"But why they call that thing a horse,
That's what is Greek to me."

The whole thing is really "Greek" to Mr. Wells and no one will blame him because he fails of seeing a connection which depends upon the idiom of a language he does not speak. But he must not parade this (in a manner of speaking) excusable ignorance in a work which, because it is controversial, is compelled to be erudite.

Enough has been said to indicate clearly the principal grounds of attack upon Christianity in this work. It would serve no purpose to discuss in detail any further particulars. Christ's religion is put into the world for men to take or leave and it is not for us to criticize Mr. Wells or anyone else who elects to have none of it. That is a matter which is provided for by the Judge of men's consciences and of the use they make of their minds. Mr. Wells will either become wiser as he grows older—or else he will not, and it is not our affair.

But it is a pity that a certain class of reader whose reading is confined almost entirely to epitomized literature should take these few pages as a just and adequate summary of the grounds and claims of Christianity. One is told by persons who have had the perseverence and hardihood to read the book all through that it is scarcely more reliable in matters of secular history. Mr. Wells is at this writing reporting the disarmament conference for the London *Daily Mail*, and that paper has issued a statement to the effect that Mr. Wells' articles so little represent the facts and so definitely represent Mr. Wells' own bias in the matters discussed

that the paper does not intend to publish the articles as news. Mr. Wells' "ruling passion" thus discovers itself again. But in the case of Christianity any stick will do to beat a dog, and what the historian has written concerning Christ will without doubt be taken as truth by persons who will not be able to see that his methods are unscholarly, his reasoning faulty and his statements in many matters of fact quite untrue.

The Christian religion has long ago been driven out of the realm of sentiment and into the area of scholarship, evidence and reason. The liberty by which a man accepts it or rejects it is a matter of divine establishment. But when a man who has rejected it puts pen to paper he must remember, unless he does not mind making himself absurd, that he is dealing with a matter which has become standardized, along with other sciences, and which he cannot dispose of with the formula that "he never liked it anyhow."

The Failure of Protestantism

Rev. Frederick Sherman Arnold

IN ALL fairness, it would be easy enough to write an essay on the successes of Protestantism. One sometimes feels that that is what all the essays of Macaulay and Froude are about. Referring to the line of demarcation in Europe between Protestant and Catholic, Macaulay (on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes"), says: "The Protestant boasts, and boasts most justly, that wealth, civilization and intelligence have increased far more on the northern than on the southern side of the boundary, and that countries so little favored by nature as Scotland and Prussia are now among the most flourishing and best governed portions of the world, while the marble palaces of Genoa are deserted, while banditti infest the beautiful shores of Campania, while the fertile sea-coast of the Pontifical State is abandoned to buffaloes and wild boars." So boasted Protestantism in the fourth year of Queen Victoria's reign. Today the progress of the northern nations is ascribed by some to the presence of iron and coal; by others to their being members of the Nordic race. The religious argument is not emphasized by thinkers as once it was. Nevertheless it is true that for several centuries Protestants have made more money than have Catholics. Cash talks.

A nobler argument is the argument that Protestantism favored constitutional freedom and religious toleration. The argument based on liberty seems to be only true of the Calvinistic form of Protestantism. Calvinism was generally a persecuted sect, therefore it was against the government. Calvin himself established a bitter tyranny at Genoa. As to toleration, that seems to have arisen accidentally from the balance of contending sects, none of which favored it on principle.

Success or failure is largely a matter of the values one has in mind. Protestantism may or may not have been an economic success or a political success, or a success from the point of view of scientific progress. It certainly was not an artistic success, but is was a kind of literary and musical success. When we talk of the failure of Protestantism, we eliminate all these secular values. Those people to whom these secular values are almost the only values will, of course, lose interest accordingly. That we must realize. Doubtless such persons will consider our value valueless and ourselves benighted. We are, however, considering the religious and moral failure of Protestantism.

Yet Protestantism was not always a religious and moral failure. First, there was the original, old, High Church Protestantism. This was not Protestantism in the current sense at all. It was, and, by the German and English reformers it was intended to be, a reformed Catholicism. The failure of this tendency was due to the fact that it lost control. Other spirits grasped the helm and guided the Reformation. The old High Churchmanship has revived, however, particularly in the Anglican Communion. It now frankly proclaims itself Catholic. It is not Protestant according to the current use of the word, although, beyond doubt, it was the original Protestantism.

Then there was that mighty system of logical doctrine and puritanical living, named, for its founder, Calvinism. This was the swelling stream that swept the ship of the Reformation from its old Catholic moorings down into the gulf of secularism and infidelity, where the ship was wrecked. Surely that high creed and stern morality that formed the righteous, if a bit forbidding, characters of the forebears of so many of us was no religious or moral failure. The failure of Calvinism was like the failure of early Lutheranism and High Church Anglicanism, only much more complete. It vanished away. It is the Boojum among theologies.

We do not know how far the official symbols may have been modified in Churches formerly Calvinist. Yet we do not believe we shall be very seriously criticized when we say that nobody today believes in the Calvinist theology.

Why Calvinism failed might explain why Protestantism failed, for, in a sense, the disappearance of Calvinism constitutes the religious and moral failure of Protestantism.

In a sense, Calvinism and Protestantism became synonymous. The Churches of England and Scandinavia never became Calvinist. The English Church was delivered, however, by the narrowest kind of chance. Non-conformity was Calvinist. So was the Low Church. Calvinism influenced also the Church of Denmark. After Frederick William III's "Union," Calvinism triumphed in Prussia. In Scotland, France, Switzerland, the Low Countries, South Germany, and America there was no large body of Protestants other than Calvinists. Aside from the fact that their numbers were small, moreover, the sects that were not Calvinist, the Baptists, some of whom were Calvinists, the Quakers and the Unitarians, were all rather indefinite on faith and morals. The Quakers and Unitarians have always refused to formulate definitions which they will insist on as an exclusive orthodoxy. The Broad Churchmen seem to incline to this attitude also. So Calvinism was the one definite Protestant orthodoxy.

Why did Calvinism vanish? Certainly not because it was disproved. We have never seen that either Romanist, Lutheran, or Anglican has picked a flaw in the Calvinist logic. We ourselves always feel a kind of awe in the presence of that horrible psychology. We do not mean to treat it lightly; far from that. Perhaps, if John Calvin could have claimed an original divine inspiration, like Mahommet or Joseph Smith or Mrs. Eddy, Calvinism would have persisted. That was impossible under the conditions of the sixteenth century. Protestantism was an appeal to Scripture. Calvinism was based on the literal infallibility of the Scripture text.

When the logic of a doctrine is so firm that it will yield to no attack the opponents attack the premises. So it was that Calvinism was undermined. The criticism of the Bible so far as it came to be accepted broke the authority on which alone Calvinism claimed to rest. It was in the circles formerly Calvinist that the criticism was most eagerly accepted. Even so, there must have

been something about the atmosphere of a commercial and plutocratic civilization with which Calvinism did not agree. Beyond doubt, Protestantism was yearning to escape, in those early years of the nineteenth century, from the Calvinistic prison. That passion to be free from the constraining logic of the "Institutes" undoubtedly had something to do with two very different movements: with New England Unitarianism, which set up an entirely different conception of religion, and with the Oxford movement, which subordinated the dead letter to the living Church. Chiefly, however, in France, Germany, England, and America, Protestantism hailed the Higher Criticism as the deliverer. The authority of Scripture over their thought was not denied, but undermined. With the crumbling foundations there tumbled to destruction, not only the Calvinistic orthodoxy, but all other orthodoxies. If Protestantism today still holds to any of the supernatural elements of Christianity, or of the authoritative dogmas in faith and morals, it holds them as isolated beliefs, not as portions of any system whatsoever. As isolated beliefs they cannot stand. The Virgin Birth, the Bodily Resurrection, the Nicene Creed, when isolated from the Catholic system of thought and the Calvinistic system of thought, both alike, will not bear examination. As parts of a vast view of the universe they find their place. As isolated accidents in the scheme of things, they lack evidence.

The formal principle of the Reformation was the literal infallibility of Holy Scripture. The Bible and the Bible alone was the religion of Protestants. So, when criticism had dissolved the literal authority of the Bible over Protestant thought, there was no authority left. This is why the collapse of Calvinism was so tragic. The foundation collapsed. There was nothing left on which to build a new and gentler religion, such as the age evidently demanded.

The constructive mind of Protestantism today seeks to go beneath the Scripture text, which the Higher Criticism has discredited for Protestantism. The authority shall be Christ. No better motive could exist. Of course, Christ is the authority for all Christians, Eastern, Roman, Anglican or Protestant. The puzzle is to find Christ. The Catholic has a very simple method. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Christ is here and now in the holy Catholic Church, whose book the Scripture is. His Holy Spirit teaches, guides and

develops His holy Church. "Behold I am living for ever and ever, and have the keys of death and of hell."

Protestantism cannot accept that. The simple gospel of Jesus, according to the new theory, was shortly involved in the subtleties of Greek philosophy and mystery-religion. It must be sought under these overlaying externals. Calvinism had a simple method also. God did not guide the Church, but He did guide the sacred authors. The Holy Scripture contains the infallible record of the divine Life and teaching.

Current Protestantism cannot accept this either. If God infallibly guided any group, it is most reasonable to suppose with the Catholics that He would guide the Church throughout the ages, "even to the consummation of the world." If that was really God's method, why did He discontinue it? Surely, there was need of guidance in the ensuing ages of darkness. No, the apostolic and sub-apostolic age was as free to err as the Nicene age or the age of the Council of Chalcedon. In fact, it is quite plain that the process of overlaying the simple gospel with Greek thought and mystery-religion began within the New Testament. The main principles of Catholic theology are found in St. John's gospel. The germs of it all are found in St. Paul. St. Paul does not preach the simple gospel, but the risen Christ; that is, the mystery-religion. It would be much easier to prove the Nicene Creed by texts from St. Paul than to prove the Sermon on the Mount or the Parables by the Sea by texts from St. Paul. The Protestantants do not exactly say that, but they feel it. So they eliminate St. John and, largely, St. Paul, in their higher criticism, and turn to the Synoptics. Even here all is not plain sailing. Large parts of St. Luke are evidently ecclesiastical and theological. The original St. Mark and the Q-Source are about the residuum.

The question must arise, what confidence have we even in this residuum? In their "Short History of Rome," Ferrero and Barbazello write: "The besetting sin of this school (the German critical school) is its determination to extract at all costs from the abysses of the past historical data which are hopelessly lost. . . . The ancient Romans, being nearer in time to that event, were in a better position than we to know when their city was founded. And, even if for some reason they should themselves have falsified the true date, it seems very unlikely that after so many centuries we should succeed in discovering it." Does not this acute obser-

vation apply to the life and teaching of Christ, overlaid by the mass of Catholic thought within the gospel itself?

What the critics are guided by in searching the Scriptures of the New Testament, especially in searching the Synoptics, is subjective considerations. That is, they are searching for the kind of Christ that they wish to find. Unfortunately for them this Christ can only be found by the most arbitrary measures. The Protestantism of today is the religion of a civilization that is tolerant, democratic, plutocratic and socialistic. There is imbedded in the oldest tradition of the Church and in the ethical heart of the Gospel a broad deposit of intolerance, humility, poverty, and asceticism. In some respects, this monastic tendency, if we may so say, because the monastic orders in later times especially emphasize these teachings, is clearer in the Synoptics than it is in the ecclesiastic and theological writings of St. Paul and St. John. The blessing on poverty is just as abhorrent to Socialism as to Plutocracy. So is the stress laid on asceticism and a very narrow aspect of sexual purity. The tolerance of the critics causes them to cut out the cursing of the fig tree. The reverence for vested interests removes the story of the Gadarene demoniac and the swine destroyed without the owners' permission. No amount of criticism, however, could possibly adapt the Sermon on the Mount to any influential Protestant congregation. Asceticism, poverty, intolerance, lowliness, a narrow code of sexual morality, these things will not fit into modern civilization with its worldliness, pride, tolerance, prosperity, and its broad views on the relations of the sexes. Plutocracy and Socialism stand equally condemned before the bar of the Synoptic Gospels.

So here is the trouble with the Protestant search for a Christ behind the New Testament. Nowhere is the Christ they wish for. He is a construction of their subjective and cultural demands. No radicalism of criticism will ever find him. Most of the New Testament exhibits the Christ of Catholic theology. The rest of the New Testament exhibits the Christ of Catholic ethics. The Modernist Christ, if He ever existed, is as surely vanished as the religious leaders who guided the hand that painted the processions of mammoths in the caverns of Font-de-Gaume.

Hence every attempt to formulate a Protestant theology and a Protestant ethic upon a Christian basis is a failure. Protestantism is not found in the historic Church or even in the early

heresies. Protestantism is not found in the New Testament as a whole or even in the Synoptic Gospels. Protestantism may be the religion of the future, but it never was the religion of the past; not even of the Protestantism past, for that was Calvinism. Protestantism cannot be erected on any Christian foundation whatever, but the special conditions of Protestantism forbid it to seek any other foundation. So the religion and morality of Protestantism has collapsed. Protestantism is no longer a religion. Completely secularized, it is like the old Roman Paganism in the days of the Antonines, a mere reflection of the current thought of the world. It is an ecclesiastical expression sometimes of Plutocracy, sometimes of Socialism. As a religion or an ethic it has failed.

Poet, What Seest Thou?

A. P. McMahon, Ph.D.

LIKE any other child brought up in the Anglican communion, certain thundering phrases of the oft-repeated ceremonial words produced in me at an early age an impression so profound that they spontaneously echo in memory now, like the chimes of a familiar hymn, often ringing of their own accord, with no particular cause. St. Paul's subtle arguments were far too deep for me, and I could have but an imperfect impression of the myriad traditions and hopes that formed the stuff of the rabbinical appeal of the Epistle to the Hebrews, when the reverberations of these majestic syllables first began.

Not least of such familiar sentences was one which has since seemed to me peculiarly applicable to those who speak to us with an intuitive authority, the men whom we today designate with the simple name of poets. I mean that cryptic charge of the Psalmist, which comes so often to my mind: "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek."

To know how God had blessed Abraham, the King of Salem must indeed have possessed the gift of prophecy, and that strange figure appearing with dramatic suddenness, a veritable type of the Redeemer, shadowing forth a priesthood unknown to the Law but abiding forever, is a tremendous example of the seer, the tensely sensitive spirit, the prophet or the poet.

Remote from the incomprehensible eminence of the King of Salem was that herdsman and dresser of sycamore trees who asserted that he was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. Yet upon Amos also came the overwhelming impulse to prophesy. Obeying a command which he could not deny when God took him from following the flock, he uttered fierce protest against entrenched power, angry and bitter denunciations. He was a prophet in the most literal sense when he anticipated an earthquake; but he was a prophet of eternal things, a seer, when he declaimed his rhapsody of the judgment impending over Israel, giving rhythmic voice to the vision of a poet.

For, as St. Peter tells us, "no prophecy ever came by the will of man: but men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit." And an election of sensitive minds, discerning vividly and at first hand the heart of times in which they live and of times to come, has ever been inspired by a will imperious and inscrutable. The abuse of such powers does not impair the sanctity of the office, and of each poet God exacts an answer to the same question which he addressed to the vituperative herdsman: "Amos, what seest thou?"

Accordingly, prophets under the Law reported their visions, speaking as the conscience of the nation, and fostered the idealism of the race, balancing the conservative and passive attitude of the sacerdotal caste. Distinctive of Israel's tortured pilgrimage was their perception of final truths which have had an incalculable effect upon the modern world. The acceptance of these truths today really seems to constitute the fundamental difference in outlook between the old pagan days and our own.

These insights, so painfully achieved, were expounded with reference to the Messiah, but they have dominated Christian biography, too. Contrary to the political expectations of the mob, Isaiah declared that He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Opposed to the calm equilibrium sought by Marcus Aurelius and the noblest characters of pagan antiquity was the inward change seen by Ezekiel to be an essential preliminary of unending life. "A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." And confounding the narrow exclusiveness of a sect was the forecast of Zechariah: "In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men

shall take hold, out of all the languages of the nations, they shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

So, distastefully perhaps to many of their fellows, poets have recorded what their penetrating eyes have seen, leaving an enduring memorial of their attitude and the attitude of their age on the persistent uncertainties of mankind, the questions which trouble again every new-born generation. During the past ten years the vision of the English-speaking poets has become suddenly clarified, they have spoken keenly and unflinchingly, and while an intolerant antagonism has developed toward the novel technique employed by many of them, they and their audiences have both increased greatly, with corresponding interest for English literature as well as for life itself wherever English is the common tongue and the word is heard.

This new birth of lyric power is something going on in our midst, and when the stream has again shrunk to a narrow rill, men will look back and envy us. But these gifts must not be welcomed indiscriminately. There is, mixed up with it, to our frequent vexation and disappointment, not a little vain posturing and idle, soul-sick futility, straining and wrenching of fantastic thoughts, snapping the veins of language. Yet there is a vision clear there also. Strength with power, beauty with truth. We may by reading the poets attentively find the answer of this generation to the recurrent question: Poet, what seest thou?

As Pater once declared, the way to perfection lies through a series of disgusts, and I believe that Puvis de Chavannes gave the same negative reason for his artistic faith. It is therefore but natural that reaction from accepted thoughts and conventions should seek new forms of expression, and the high points of cultural development in the past have been opulent in technical discoveries in the art of verse. In subject, too, new topics are adopted or thoughts resurrected after so long an oblivion that they seem like creatures sprung wholly new from the creative powers of the poet. The pastoral, as a literary convention and form of verse, was revived and made to delight men and women again, recovered from the Alexandrine and Augustan poets.

In such movements, at least in their initial stages, the substance of the poetry and the form are strangely new, repulsive to the uninitiated; and sometimes never permeating society beyond

a relatively narrow circle. But the prophetic function is fulfilled nevertheless in poets who plumb the depths over which the multitude rush unseeing; they are the authentic heralds of their times. And they remain as unimpeachable witnesses.

What, then, will be the testimony which a century hence will receive from poets now living? That, indeed, is bringing the question down to a challenge which not even the most voracious reader of poetry would dare to answer with final certitude, but which may, nevertheless, be attempted if the inquiry is still further limited. Let us, for the sake of this study, presented only in the hope that other more profound and thorough students will carry it to completion, require a single test of these poets.

Shall it be the all-absorbing topic of love? Shall we search the poets for their ideals and descriptions of love, particularly the modern romantic view of love, which for many otherwise skeptical thinkers seems to take the place of authentic religion? What is the poets' vision of the god whom alone many of them praise? This would not afford a means of comparison with poets who existed before the poets of Provence who appear to have invented the whole theory of courtly love. Surely in selecting the essential topic by which we can readily weigh our poets, we should listen to Rupert Brooke, for only too often these singers deserve his characterization, as

> ". . . half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary
> And all the little emptiness of love!"

Rather may we suggest a subject brought into special prominence during the last few years, one to which recent poets have given their best and closest thought, as they have in every age since men first learned to sing. Let us inquire what the poets think of that reality which no intensest passion can delay or disguise, because there is a tang of mouldy soil, enriched with the bones of men, in every breath we draw.

To facilitate somewhat an indication of where such an approach would lead us, we may take one of the various excellent anthologies lately compiled—that put together by Wilkinson, or by Untermeyer, or, best of all, the collection entitled "The New Poetry," by two well-qualified judges, Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson.

Conrad Aiken contrasts the foulness of a mummy with the sweet, clean earth where he hopes to lie, in "Dead Cleopatra."

Richard Aldington celebrates the healing gentleness and quietude of death, in "Choricos."

Rupert Brooke sings its enobling, purifying effect, in various sonnets.

Witter Bynner in three poems "To Celia" bids our thoughts of death turn,

"To deeper beauty than appears."

Adelaide Crapsey, in one of her exquisite "Cinquains," depicts the utter silence of the dead.

Mary Carolyn Davies, in the "Songs of a Girl" finds the beauty of flowers and of the sinking sun an aesthetic consolation for her own fate.

Walter de la Mare's "Epitaph" laments that even the most beautiful, once dead, are forgotten.

Louise Driscoll's verse play, "The Metal Checks," grimly depicts death as counting, like the miser, the identification discs of those killed on the battlefield.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson voices the horror of awaking to find oneself dead, in "The Fear."

Helen Hoyt's "The New-Born" would persuade us that children crying in the night already anticipate the darkness and cold of death.

In one of the "Songs of Deliverance," by Orrick Johns we find a bravado and egoism suggestive of Henley and Whitman:

"How often I have intercepted thee, O Death!
O windy liar!
Thou canst do nothing against me;
If I command thee to stand back thou art afraid and cowerest,
For I have caught thee often and punished thee. . . . . "

D. H. Lawrence in "A Woman and Her Dead Husband" gives a picture of a bereaved woman proclaiming that God has deceived her in everything because she believed that her husband was a living thing and now she finds him dead and unresponsive.

Vachel Lindsay's poem on John P. Altgeld asserts that,

"To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name."

Edgar Lee Masters has a fine thing on "Silence" which concludes:

"And there is the silence of the dead
If we who are in life cannot speak
Of profound experiences,
Why do you marvel that the dead

Do not tell you of death?
Their silence shall be interpreted
As we approach them."

John G. Neihardt's "Envoi" finds comfort in the thought that after death the elements of his body will again mingle with indestructible particles of matter.

Carl Sandburg's "Joy" counsels,

"Let joy kill you!
Keep away from the little deaths."

George Sterling asserts, in "Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium," that he is

"A dim and solitary traveller
On ways that end in evening and the waste."

Charles Hanson Towne, in "Beyond the Stars," seeks the same consolation as Neihardt.

Louis Untermeyer's "Irony" bewails what seems to him a fact: that matter is eternal, but man is not.

These superficial indications are not entirely representative. They are untrue as any extract must be from a fragile and integral beauty like that of these lyrics. Yet these poets are the foremost witnesses and interpreters of our day, revealing what the spirits most alert and most keenly perceptive have to say on the ultimate issue. These are the prophets to whom we look for the prophetic word.

Hardly can any words be more profoundly melancholy, more laden with intolerable grief than those of an elder poet:

"Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment, every man therefore is but vanity."

Yet there is after all piteously absent from the voices that now soar highest, moving our hearts with their loveliness and power, something of substantial conviction and piercing truth, a fitting resolution of this so tragic theme. Perhaps I am demanding too much of those whom I revere, but I cannot persuade myself that I do. Inevitably I hear the surging melody of old prophetic song, the words of one learned in the poetry of Israel and of Greece, no mean poet himself:

"So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in vistory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Concerning Main Street

CHARLES C. MARSHALL

THE truth of a caricature may often be determined by the resentment it excites. The public resents "Main Street." This is encouraging, for a sensitiveness to criticism indicates regenerative qualities. In Pekin or Bagdad, Mr. Lewis's story would not have made anybody mad.

As places go, Gopher Prairie was not altogether bad. There are hints of depths of vice, but examination of its purlieus discloses no place so vicious as Bottle Alley, no character so brutal as Bill Sykes. Any school in town had a better standard than Dotheboys Hall. Any one of its seventeen churches would have outshone in morality certain religious communities of the Pre-Reformation Period. Old Rauskuckle had unquestionably a better reputation and quite as much wealth as the Borgia Pope. Benvenuto Cellini would not have had "to turn his corners wide" in Gopher Prairie to escape the assassin's knife, and we may venture to assume that if Oliver Twist at the almshouse asked for more, he got it. Why then should the public be so disturbed?

The author describes Main Street as stretching from San Diego to Albany. Spatially this is true, but in duration it extends from Nineveh to New York. If the heroine, Carol, could have realized her dream and found herself in diaphanous gauze in ancient Babylon, she would have been the same Carol on the Babylonian Main Street with the same unsatisfied longing in her soul. There has always been a Main Street. Mr. Lewis, in his opening pages, refers to Sappho, Zenobia, and the women of the Stone Age as having passed that way long before Carol. It has varied in incident and episode. The particular section of it disclosed by Mr. Lewis is characterized by excessive ugliness, but we must not condemn developments in human life merely because they are ugly. Bunyan would have impressed an observer as ugly compared with a Stuart prince, but one gave the world "Pilgrim's Progress" and the other "Nell Gwyn." The Catacombs in all their subterranean ugliness have given Christianity more than the Kremlin or Notre Dame. The Romans of the Decadence were surrounded with all the beauty that art or wealth could produce, but the moral values in the scene depicted in Couture's famous

picture would register no higher than the moral values in an afternoon audience of Main Streeters at the movies.

Debauchery enshrined in beauty does not register higher in spirit than sloth and pruriency in naked ugliness. Carol's scheme to appropriate the art of all the ages to the redemption of Main Street is harmonious with the schemes of many of our reformers, but Main Street arrayed in the habiliments of Athens or Thirteenth Century Nuremberg would but add the ridiculous to the pathetic. There is no essential relation between the spirit of a community and the art it buys. Main Street evolving Ionic colonades or Flemish tapestries is one thing and Main Street buying them is another.

So far as Main Street has ever had beauty it has borrowed it, plundered it, or bought it, and its acquisitions have never redeemed its inherent ugliness of spirit. Fortunately, Main Street is not the only street in history. It is but one of many. It has often shrunk into utter insignificance compared with certain lanes and alleys. The back street on which St. Paul dwelt in Rome possessed more prestige than the imperial Main Street. But in Mr. Lewis's book, Main Street is shown not as *a* street but as *the* street—not as incidental to but as representative of present development. We are asked to see in Gopher Prairie our microcosm. It was Richter who commended the wisdom of regarding a book as a whole library, a library as a book, a city as a village, a village as some dark alley in a great city ("and" he added, "God as all in all"). Gopher Prairie then may be New York and Main Street may be Broadway or Fifth Avenue.

We are told that the people of Gopher Prairie "were a savorless people, gulping tasteless food, and sitting afterwards coatless and thoughtless, in rocking chairs prickly with inane decorations, listening to mechanical music, saying mechanical things, about the excellence of Ford automobiles, and viewing themselves as the greatest race in the world." But were they eating terrapin and truffles at the Plaza, scrupulous in tailor-made clothes, sitting in plush and gold chairs on Rubberneck Alley or in boxes at the opera, and talking about Pierce-Arrows instead of Fords, would it be so very different?

Gopher Prairie is a center of Twentieth Century life, the "Four Corners" where the political, the religious, the aesthetic, and social combine in the complex of human society. Mr. Lewis

studies it through the eyes of a heroine rather than a hero—a reasonable course in the study of what from present indications must be known in history as the Feminine Age. When Carol attended the Chautauqua she was "impressed by the audience of women in skirts and blouses, eager to be made to think, the men in vests and shirt sleeves, eager to be allowed to laugh." Here is our disturbance in sex equilibrium concretely expressed. Man has given up thinking. The poor fellow pegs away for salary or wages, plus the profits of an occasional speculation, provided only that he may be allowed to laugh in the evening at the movies. His helpmeet aspires to be made to think. She is to take the torch that has fallen from his weary hand and to guide where he has failed. Of course all depends on the success of her being made to think. Her eagerness is conceded, but her notion of thought is dubious. I think it is Mr. Galsworthy who has something to say as to the female mind being provided with dimmers which are carefully pulled down when a flood of light threatens to reveal things it does not care to see. Carol is an adept in the use of dimmers. She advances boldly into all fields and assumes to sound all depths, but, alas, at the moment when she is face to face with reality, down come the dimmers and she is rid of surrendering to embarrassing conclusions or of registering discomfiting intuitions. But in any event woman's eagerness to be made to think has advantages over man's abandonment of the process, and the use of Mr. Galsworthy's dimmers is really not limited to one sex.

We are told by M. Bergson that the mind of man discards all intuitions that have no interest for his bodily life. But the tendency of man to discard all *data* that do not minister to his material needs is not confined to his intuitional life. A similar process makes history and religion as lopsided and materialistic as M. Bergson claims intuitional life to be. History becomes "bunk," as Mr. Henry Ford has late pronounced it, and religion becomes "social service," a sentimental humanitarianism. Main Street seizes with avidity on the episode of the loaves and fishes, but discards the episode of the lame man at the Pool of Bethesda. His confession of faith in the descent of the angel into the pool is too naive for Main Street, although it won the miraculous intervention of our Lord. Main Street rejects the supernatural.

Plato compared the interests of truth in a "free" society with the trial of a pastry cook and a doctor of physic before a jury

of children. The children, he said, would always vote in favor of the pastry cook. Freedom, we are assured, is our great heritage, as it is our proud destiny. Are we not free to pick out of history and revelation what we will and to discard the rest; to render verdicts as we please in religion, in ethics, in politics and in art? Is not the truth what we like and is not what we like necessarily the truth? May we not vote for the pastry cook? So with Main Street. And it really did not make much difference whether, like Carol, people were eager to be made to think or like Kennicott had given up the process.

Gopher Prairie is really an illustration of the highest and last of Hegel's three stages of political development—to-wit: the despotism where one man is free, the aristocracy where some are free, and lastly, the democracy where all are free. May we not hope and pray for a fourth stage yet to come, where none are free in Main Street's sense of freedom because of the bringing of the natural life of man into subjection to the supernatural life?

But the denizens of Main Street rejected that subjection and Carol's yearning for reform never brought it within her view. Authority and every symbol of it and its correlative of order were so eliminated from Main Street that the sight of the robes of office of a lord mayor or of a beadle's cocked hat would have been positively inspiring—a very benediction on the pathetic chaos. The dire need of Main Street was authority and Carol's hunger and quest were for authority—something to reverence, to obey, to die for if need be—for truth's sake—without which the spirit of man cannot thrive—not an authority arising mephitic from the ground and working from below upward, emanating from man's bodily needs—the authority of materialistic democracy; but an authority coming down from the Father of lights, spoken by the voice of the Spirit, not from the pit of the flesh but from the heights of the supernatural life.

Institutions may be levelled to the ground in an effort to destroy all institutionalism. Tradition may be buried out of sight and revelation flouted in order to wipe out authority. Main Streeters may change, reverse, mix up all the signs on their favorite thoroughfare in an effort to produce such a confusion that no human mind shall be embarrassed by a suggestion of any other way than its own pleasure and yet the desire of man for a guide in the darkness will persist—an integral part of his spiritual endowment.

There was life in Main Street. It was a very busy thoroughfare. It had that teeming, atomic life to which certain schools of socialism aspire, and which, to quote Coventry Patmore, resembles rather the life that swarms in decay than the life of an articulate organism, endowed with soul, animated by intelligence, and responsive to the still small voice of the Spirit.

If license masked as democracy produced the political conditions of Main Street, license masked as freedom of thought and liberty of conscience produced the religious conditions. We see them from Carol's point of view—an angle formed by the line of Congregationalism drawn from her home-town of Mankato across the line of Universalism at Blodgett College. Not often has the course of human events provided such an eminence for the contemplative soul. The flat materialism, the self-will of political life was parallelled in religious life. Both lives were aggregations of negations. If, in political life, the Main Streeter knew no one whom he need obey, in the religious life he knew nothing that he need believe. Every one of the seventeen kinds of religion in Gopher Prairie had a negation for its *raison d'être,* and was concerned in teaching the Main Streeter how much of catholic truth he could deny and still escape damnation. If the Roman Church veered to mechanical sacramentalism, the Protestant Churches largely veered away from sacramentalism. The Protestant Episcopal Church plodded along on the old *via media,* persisting in the view that the middle line is always safe because at least it is not near the edge. It was known on Main Street for its dignified services and the use of choir vestments. So the community tried to live on negations and trivialities, materialism seeped through it all, the supernatural life of man stagnated and died—a veritable valley of dry bones.

"Can these bones live?" Can a complacent humanitarianism breathe into them the breath of life? There was plenty of that humanitarianism in Gopher Prairie. People were kind and helpful, benovolent societies abounded, and relief work was the order of the hour. Carol contemplated with interest the rude but ministering, surgical hands of Kennicott. It would not be difficult to apotheosize those hands. They kept Main Street alive; but Carol could not find much satisfaction in that because there seemed to be no reason why Main Street should be kept alive. There may be something inspiring in cutting away tumors and

adenoids that souls may live, but if one believes only in tumors and adenoids and does not believe in souls, the process becomes depressing. Kennicott clearly did not believe in souls. Of bodies he had a keen perception. Carol suspected the existence of the soul; but the seventeen kinds of religion with as many different preachers in Gopher Prairie, preaching in the aggregate 1768 sermons a year, still left the community in ignorance as to the soul. Even with a popular Baptist Church there, reinforced with a Protestant Episcopal Church, the only idea Carol had of baptism for her infant son was that by the tactual part of the proceedings the infant might absorb some of the spiritual virtue that was supposed to inhere in the Baptist preacher. As Carol had no reason to believe in his possession of an excess of that article she rejected baptism. Indeed, Main Street was not a street of souls. People born there, although born with immortal souls, persisted in dying as grocers, electricians, lawyers, speculators and chauffeurs. But life depends on the supernatural.

"Natural things and spiritual, who separates these two
Tears up the bond of nature and brings death."

Main Street eliminated the supernatural. It killed the spirit, yet Carol expected to enjoy the fruits of the spirit—social order, art and religion. Its people persisted in believing Main Street to be the greatest street in the world. They sent missionary funds to convert the benighted followers of Confucius and Buddha to the religion of Main Street, and to extend Main Street, widened and macadamized, through Cathay. In view of the present plight of Main Street it is difficult to see the value of such extension.

As we turn the last page of Mr. Lewis' book and leave the indefatigable Carol struggling to find the sanction of life in the possibility of her little daughter riding to Mars on an aeroplane, and the much enduring Kennicott looking for a screw driver, it is at least with the hope that the results already achieved on Main Street are sufficiently unsatisfying to drive that obdurate and desperately wicked thing—the heart of man—out of that thoroughfare and into green pastures.

Catholic or Secularist*

Rev. Hamilton Schuyler

IF the present rate of increase in the character of the population and the present tendencies in church membership continue to prevail in this country inside of fifty years the Catholics will have a monopoly of the Christian religion and there will remain only secularists and Jews." Such in substance was the prediction made in the presence of the writer of this article by one who claimed to have made a careful study of the subject.

Doubtless such a conclusion will seem to many the offspring of an inclination to say something sensational, a mere *obiter dictum,* unsupported by reliable evidence and perhaps vitiated by religious prejudice. It is arguable that the speaker failed to take into consideration other important factors which are calculated to offset the tendencies which he discerned and which will serve to modify if not nullify his conclusions. Sweeping generalizations in regard to the future are seldom realized and especially so when they are concerned with such a little understood phenomenon as the rise and decline of religious institutions. Experience teaches that predicting the future, even the near future, is seldom a profitable proceeding, for things have a way of turning out quite otherwise than in accordance with the most skillful forecast. The religious development of human society is not governed by logical processes and the course taken by history is a perpetual surprise. On the one hand crises come when no one is looking for them and on the other hand the thing which seems inevitable fails to happen. Undaunted by the lessons of experience men continue however the pleasing habit of speculating as to the future, basing their conclusions on the partial and often misleading data which speciously offer themselves for consideration. There is nothing static or inevitable in the fortunes of men on this planet, though the recognition of the presence of certain forces operating in society may indicate a general drift and serve to convey valuable warnings and thus to promote actions calculated to avert disaster. Even so what looks like disaster from the standpoint of the pres-

*This paper was read by the author at a meeting of "The Symposium," of Trenton, New Jersey, a society for the discussion by its members of subjects of general interest.

ent may turn out to have a beneficient result, so little capable are the wisest among us of estimating wherein the highest good of the race lies. Compensation for those things which we are wont to regard as unmitigated evils may put a new face on the matter and pave the way for an advance to happier conditions.

With this prelude, and bearing in mind the paucity of our data and their uncertain character, it may be interesting and perhaps not unprofitable to recall some of the arguments advanced in support of the prediction set forth in the opening paragraph of this article.

Our investigations are concerned with the religious future of this country, a fundamental inquiry, for the religious ideals of a people are the most potent factors in their civilization and largely determine the development of their political, economic and social life. "As a man thinks so is he" is an aphorism that holds good as well of groups and nations. The prevailing religious conception of a people is a fairly good index of their character and provides broad ground for forecasting their achievements and destiny. Or course, in the case of America with its heterogeneous and unassimilated elements it would be untrue to say that it has yet adopted or developed any single dominant form of religion. There are represented here all the varieties of the religious instinct found elsewhere besides those indigenous to our own soil, such as Christian Scince and Mormanism, to cite no others. Broadly speaking, however, there are two main historic types which today divide the field between them, namely, the Catholic and the Protestant. The former is united in its organization, clear-cut in its policies, definite in its doctrines and uniform in its practices, while the latter presents an infinite variety of all these with no cohesive principle or common element uniting its representatives, except such be found in the disfavor with which all alike agree to regard the Catholic group.

In employing the terms Catholic and Protestant to designate two distinct conceptions of Christianity what has to be considered in assigning the various religious bodies to their respective places under this general classification is not so much the titles they bear or the exterior differences they display as their possession of a certain common *ethos*. Thus the Catholic group besides the great Roman communion as the chief factor and popular representative would also properly include the Eastern Orthodox Churches which

are rapidly growing in membership, and the Episcopal Church which is Catholic in its official standards though it contains a large proportion of protestant-minded people. Both of these bodies, however numerically insignificant today, will have to be reckoned with in the ultimate outcome. For our present purpose however, it is the Roman type of Catholicism which holds the field and affords the material available for analysis and comparison. Under the Protestant group would be included all those bodies which are usually thought of as legitimate heirs of the Reformation, leaving out of consideration as unimportant for our present purpose those congeries of petty modern sects commonly ranged under the Protestant name but which are really nondescript in their character and so defy classification.

It is evident that there is a philosophy of religion which may properly be designated as Catholic as there is one in a less positive degree which may be termed Protestant. The conflict is between these two opposing systems and only time can tell which shall ultimately dominate the religious thought and practice of America. Victory will rest with the group that can best adapt itself to its environment, in other words, with the system that in the long run can make the strongest appeal to the religious instinct of the human material upon which it has to work. Speaking in a broad sense it may be said that in the Catholic system the mystical and "other-worldly" elements predominate and in the Protestant the intellectual and the utilitarian. Of course this is only a broad generalization and is not necessarily true of individuals or groups belonging to either division which may well reverse the judgment in particular instances. This much at least may be said in favor of the Catholic ideal as opposed to the Protestant, namely, that it is the one consciously or unconsciously cherished by the vast majority of people in the world who can claim to have any religion at all.

To offer now some concrete considerations that tend to support the prediction that the future of religion in this country lies with the Catholic conception rather than with the Protestant. Statistics show that out of the one hundred and ten millions of the population only forty odd million are reported as having any definite religious affiliation. Of this number more than one third, or nearly one-half, if only the main Protestant bodies be considered, profess allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church and

every census marks a decided advance over the former. Even to the casual observer who studies no statistics and is indifferent to the story they tell it is obvious that Catholics are fast outstripping Protestants, not merely in numbers and solidarity but in the strength and efficiency of their institutions and in their political influence. Catholics of the Roman type flourish in every community and present the spectacle of an united and devoted people. Their church edifices occupy the most commanding sites and are filled three or four times on Sundays, while many of the Protestant churches can hardly get a congregation once and in certain places are being abandoned and closed for lack of worshippers. Some of the Protestant bodies are actually diminishing in numbers or making only immaterial gains. None of them is keeping pace with the growth of the population. As for their Sunday schools the natural feeders of the Churches, it is the same story everywhere; the enrollment is less than it was ten or even twenty years ago and the official figures in no degree represent the actual attendance. Even churches otherwise prosperous report a scanty number of children and young people. It is obvious that Protestant parents are no longer concerned to see that their children shall receive regular religious instruction and are satisfied with such a modicum of moral and ethical teaching as is furnished in the secular schools, which designedly ignore religion. In this wide-spread attitude of indifference lies sure disaster to the Protestant cause. The children of Catholics on the other hand are sent to the parochial schools everywhere established and cheerfully supported by the parishioners. Their training in religion is a matter of daily routine and not confined as in the Protestant Sunday schools to a bare half-hour or so one day in the week. Thus the children of Catholics grow up with a definite bias in favor of their religion and continue to supply the Church with a steady stream of faithful worshippers.

The Protestant theological seminaries are half empty. However the fact may be explained fewer young men are annually qualifying for the work of the ministry. If the present scarcity of candidates continues half of the Protestant churches will be without qualified pastors in the next twenty years. We hear nothing said about a similar shortage of material among the Catholics. Common report has much to say about the desperate financial straits that prevail among the Protestant ministers and we read

of pastors abandoning their vocation because they do not get enough to enable them to support their families. We hear no complaints from the Catholic clergy on this score for these are rather in a position to dictate the emoluments of their office than compelled to cater to the laity to get their bread and butter.

The drift from the Protestant churches into the ranks of secularism is notoriously immense. Of the total number officially enrolled as members it is probably true to say that one-third to one-half pay little or no attention to their religious duties in the matter of church attendance or contributions of money. It is estimated that offerings for the support of the church average less than twenty-five cents weekly per enrolled member and some authorities assert that even this figure is too high. Of course there is also a drift away from the Catholics, though they suffer to a far less extent from the prevailing religious indifference and their gains from the Protestants more than make up for the losses thus sustained.

Perhaps the main point which favors the future of the Catholics as against the Protestants is one suggested by a study of the vital statistics, namely, the far greater fertility of the former. "Race-suicide" does not bother the Catholics—the rule, especially among the foreign element, being to raise large families. The old American Protestant stock is fast becoming sterile. The descendants of the original colonists and early settlers are rapidly diminishing. Even now they constitute numerically an inappreciable element in the community and fifty years hence if the decline continues specimens will be as rare as the dodo. This country will then be peopled mainly by descendants of the Slavs of Eastern Europe, Italians, Poles, Irish and Germans, with a sprinkling of Scandinavians, together with a mass of negroes and an ever-increasing number of Jews, the most prolific of races and the one whose assimilation seems most hopeless. It is highly improbable that many of these people will be persuaded to enter the Protestant churchs, for most of them will have affiliations with some form of Catholicism, Latin or Greek, and they will be shepherded with increasing vigilance. These would appear to be some of the self-evident reasons for believing in the decline of Protestantism and the corresponding increase of Catholicism. But there are also other facts and tendencies, not perhaps so obvious, which seem to point the same way.

It is not too much to say that Protestantism as a definite religious system, a spiritual ideal, has largely lost its *raison d'être* and is rapidly disintegrating. It has ceased to be dogmatic or to care very much to preserve the basis upon which Christianity ultimately rests, namely, the supernatural. It is indisposed, if it does not regard it as injudicious, to enforce the old evangelical doctrines and many of its ministers are frank to admit that according to their view such have become increasingly incredible as the result of modern criticism and scholarship. Protestantism as such has no formal creed and this leaves the way open for the individual preacher to give his flock such pabulum as he thinks will agree with their taste and digestion. The Christian religion is primarilly concerned with the mystical relations of man to his Maker as set forth in such doctrines as the Incarnation and the Atonement, fittingly symbolized in objective worship and made vital by the sacraments. For these Protestantism has substituted subjective devotions, prayer-meetings, sentimental hymns and sermons in which moral teaching and a vague philanthropy constitute the main themes. It reserves its severest anathemas not for heresy or even sin and worldliness but for such extraneous matters as the traffic in alcoholic beverages and what is euphemistically termed the "Desecration of the Sabbath." Protestantism began with a protest and it looks as though it would end with one. Its most characteristic development is the Y. M. C. A. and its female counterpart. These directly compete with the churches by offering opportunities for Bible study and meetings for prayer and hymn-singing with addresses and lectures on moral themes. Emphasis is laid on decent behaviour and counsels are given how to get on in the world by self-improvement and thrift. In addition facilities are afforded for indulging in athletics and bathing, to which in some cases the bait of cheap lodging and cheap food is added. Doubtless these associations have their proper place in the life of the community, but they are a poor substitute for religion, though many who patronize them seem to suppose that they answer all the purposes of one. It has been said that the Y. M. C. A. secretary is the most influential Protestant minister in the community. Besides these and other quasi-religious institutions which usurp the function of the churches and suck the life-blood out of them there are the innumerable secret societies and lodges which, while not claiming

to possess a religious character, yet offer many elements found in the churches, including a ritual and a liturgy. In addition they provide a social fellowship of a selected nature and opportunities for the practice of philanthropy chiefly among their own number. These organizations are largely regarded by their members as affording a sufficient field for the exercise of their religious aspirations and enlist the support and enthusiasm which would otherwise go to the churches.

Whatever guilds, fraternities or associations Catholics may be interested in exist only with the consent and sanction of the Church and are under its supervision, thus directly serving the Catholic cause. The Church is exceedingly jealous of any organization from which its influence is excluded.

Protestantism has in the past tended to represent the religion of the monied classes and those in natural alliance with them. Its pulpits have been quick to defend class-privilege and the so-called "sacred rights of capital" and hence have earned for it the distrust and even the positive dislike of the masses. As the democratic spirit becomes more dominant this feeling will be even more apparent than it is today. On the other hand the Catholic Church has ever claimed, and largely justifies the boast, that it is the advocate and defender of the poor and lowly as against injustice and wrong, and, except in the case of unbelievers, socialists and lawbreakers with whom it refuses to make any terms, has uniformly gained and held their loyalty and devotion. Catholicism is indeed the religion of the poets, the mystics and the saints, but it is even more the religion of the wage-earners, the day-laborers, the domestic servants and the small traders, and this fact constitutes one of its chief titles to respect and the guarantee of its permanence, for the vast majority of Christians in all ages have been poor and humble folk.

To sum up and conclude: It would seem that Christianity as historically understood must continue to base its claims to acceptance upon supernatural sanctions, otherwise it will perish or become something else, which would be not a religion but a welfare association, a philosophy or a code of ethics. Hence it follows that that system which represents the oldest traditions and remains true to the original type has the best chance of ultimate survival. Certainly those who are predisposed to regard the Christian religion as being primarily a divine revelation given

under historic conditions to mankind instead of the ultimate product of a long chain of fortuitous causes having their source in the primitive instincts will tend more and more to find themselves in the Catholic camp rather than the Protestant with its half-hearted belief in the supernatural and its cold and rationalistic view of the universe. Thus when the implications inherent in the two systems shall have fully worked themselves out in history the alternative will be—not Catholic or Protestant, but Catholic or Secularist.

Renan's Christian Grandson

Translated from the French by REV. HENRY K. PIERCE

[Editorial Note:—At the beginning of the twentieth century it would have required a very hardy optimist to predict a Catholic revival in France. But such a renaissance, and a most startling one, has come to pass, and one might compile a long list of names, prominent in public life or in the world of letters, of those who have returned with ardor to the faith of Christ. Among these conversions that of Psichari, the soldier-writer, is of especial interest and pathos because of his relation to Renan, and his tragic death. The editors of *L'Ami du Clergé* have kindly consented to our publication of the following translation. The original article appeared in their issue of March 24, 1921.]

RENAN found antinomies in the Christian mystery. It is not enough to say that he found them: he searched for them; he delighted in emphasizing them. He willed *not* to believe. He wanted to repudiate that faith which he received from the cradle and throughout all the length of his seminary years.

Three quarters of a century pass and his grandson, Ernest Psichari, brought up in unbelief, sets himself, between his 25th and 30th years, to meditate on the Christian mystery. He, too, will find antinomies there, but because he is a soul of good will they will resolve themselves finally into clearness and harmony: "There remains the Eucharist," he writes at the end of his Journal of conversion—his *Itinerarium ad Deum*. "Here we touch that mystery which is set apart from all others, which is indeed the privilege of believing souls. Without the grace of the sacraments how I can accept it? And yet the words of Jesus press me. They are explicit, imperious. They forbid doubt; it is impossible to escape their rigor . . . They permit of no hesitation, no evasion, shirking, no subtleties. Apparently one must

surrender; at any rate one must make his choice. *We have reached that formidable point where we must pronounce a final verdict upon Jesus.* If the institution of the Eucharist is a lie, the words of Jesus are an appalling extravagance. If it is true —to what measure of love are we not carried? If this promise is false Jesus is no longer that man of genius that some would paint for us: He is of all men the one most meriting our scorn. If it is true, He is, in very truth, a God. The Eucharist is a final test, for or against. Shall we choose love or contempt? . . . The Eucharist is the touch-stone . . .

"It is here that the folly of Jesus becomes visible as wisdom. We wish that He might be bodily in the Holy Sacrament, for we ourselves are body and spirit and we crave a bodily manifestation of the Divine. The communion of spirit with spirit—the direct possession of the Spirit of God—is reserved for the beatific vision. But so long as we are on this earth this communion is incompatible with our human limitations. It is from our Saviour's Body that our souls should be nourished, just so long as they are united to our bodies . . .

"But what are all the proofs when compared with the sole 'proof,' which is the grace of God? What are these feeble glimmerings compared with the splendor of grace? From the saints, —confessors and martyrs, virgins, widows,—we know what faith can be, what it can do. Does it come from man, this faith, or from God? And if from God, is it not for us to make every effort to deserve it?

"On that day when the soul finds itself craving for eternity, the day when it truly longs for *one* truth, . . . on that day it has taken the most important step, the only one which is demanded of it. All the rest pertains to God alone. *Quae tandem,* says St. Augustine, *quae tandem mens avida aeternitatis, vitaeque praesentis brevitate permota, contra huius divinae auctoritatis lumen culmenque contendat?* What quibble is possible for us, then, on that day when the desire of God is upon us?

"Ah, no! On the trails of Trarza I no longer disputed with God. But, trusting in Him and resting in Him, after so many journeys and so many steps, I waited, in peace and in joy, to experience, even in all its magnificent fullness, the sweetness of the name Christian."

These lines, dated the first of October, 1912, mark the final point of the process of conversion which had been taking shape during years. Ernest Psichari was born at Paris, September 27, 1883. On his father's side Greek, he was, through his mother, Noémi Renan, the grandson of the author of the "Life of Jesus." He was brought up without religion. His father, a professor and a Hellenist of attainments, had him baptized in the Greek Orthodox Church. But by her bitter hostility to Christianity his mother ever recalled rather her aunt, Henriette, than her father, Ernest. His schooling was at the *Lycées* Henri IV and Condorcet, finally passing to the Sorbonne. He took his licentiate in philosophy in 1903 and was preparing for a fellowship when the conscription summoned him to his term of military service at Beauvais. His year of service completed he stupified both friends and professors by abandoning his studies at the Sorbonne and re-enlisting. Was it already the allure of that mysticism of the army which later on he will describe in *"L'Appel des Armes"* (1912) and which will excite in him the thirst of another mysticism of a depth and fullness so different? No one about him knew of it and doubtless he himself was equally unaware. But he had the merit of following that hidden impulse which led him to turn his back on an assured and peaceful future in order to advance into the unknown.

For it is into the unknown he goes, towards those distant lands where that "call of arms" resounds for him. He feels that what he needs is the open air, the wide horizons, which will emancipate him from the narrowness and futilities of modern life,—the desert, where nothing is left to confine the vision or check the soaring of thought. He does not re-enlist in the infantry of the metropolis, which he had just left. Resigning his rank as sergeant, he entered the colonial artillery as a simple private. From an initial expedition to the Congo he brings back *"Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil"* (1908), in which, in prose at once fluid, harmonious and singing, he celebrates the primitive desert life. It is a book in which the snobs of literature pretend to hear nothing more than an echo of the grand-sire—a *"mysterious recommencement"* by the grandson.

The young artilleryman returned to France to go through the School of Versailles, coming out as a sub-lieutenant in 1909, and departing for Mauritania, where he remained till December,

1912. It was there that God's grace awaited him. Once again the eternal oracle is realized: "I will lead him into the wilderness and I will speak to his heart." He loves the desert—loves it as the track offered to the eager gallop of the cavalier, but also as the Thebaid where the solitary achieves passivity in his thought. In the desert the passing wind raises only columns of sand, and the soul is left face to face with its proper problem. In the desert everything is violent, burning, full of divine oppression; death, everywhere death. But out of this infinite death his spirit mounts towards a life eternal. He must not be described as a "mystic" in the sense that some use the word to connote the negation of intellectual activity. An intellectual by education, he will always keep his love for the intellectual. He will even have certain picturesque formulas: "Whatsoever we may be doing," he writes, "we shall ever rank intelligence above all else. It may be that purity of heart is of greater worth. But a Frenchman will always believe that a sin is more pleasing to God than a stupid utterance." But his own intelligence, freed henceforth from the distorting prisms which the mentality of certain pre-war environments set up between us and truth, now meditates upon immediate realities, upon notions which are precise and living.

The first fruit of these desert meditations will be, beneath the veil of fiction, *"L'Appel des Armes"* (1912). An unsympathetic critic called it, at the time, "the confession of a neurasthenic soldier in search of hope, who tortures himself to find the reasons of action." Psichari was never a neurasthenic. But it is true that he sought eagerly and with real anxiety for hopes and for the grounds of action. His masters had failed to provide them; he will find them only in the Church.

There only, in the Church, France has formed herself. When the Moors would question him about "Issa (Jesus), the prophet of the Nazarenes," he realized that he could not deny the God in Whom he did not believe nor separate France from the religion which has made her. He realizes that in so far as he is not a Christian he is not the true heir of that French dignity which, from henceforth, he knows is above all a *Christian* dignity. His friend Massis tells us that it was love of France which "first aroused in this soul the desire for God." He wrote, in 1911, to Mgr. Jalabert (Vicar Apostolic of Senegambia), when sending him his "farthing" for the building of the cathedral of Dakar:

" . . . During the six years that I have known the Mussulmans of Africa there has come home to me the folly of those moderns who would separate the French race from the religion which made it and from which all its greatness comes. In contact with a people so given to metaphysical meditation as are the Mussulmans of the Sahara this error can have baleful consequences. I am convinced of it. With them we shall not appear great except in so far as they come to know the grandeur of our religion. We shall never overawe them except in so far as the might of our faith shall force itself on their attention. . . . For the Moor France and Christianity are one. Do they not call us 'Nazarenes' more readily than 'Frenchmen?' And it is a strange thing that it is left for them to enlighten us on this point and to instruct us."

Again, he tells us that one day when exhibiting to one of his comrades—a young warrior from Adrar—the great wireless plant at Port Etienne, and boasting the superiority of French civilization, the Moor, after a moment of silence, replied gravely. "Yes; you Frenchmen, you have the kingdom of the earth, but *we Moors, we have the kingdom of heaven.*' There is a thought which the Moors ought not to have," he writes to Mgr. Jalabert, "and it comes to them, at least in part, from us."

There only, in the Church, humanity is made and remade; this is his special thought. He is athirst for truth and for purity; and he knows that it is only in the Church that truth and purity have a chance to be other than mere words. With what an accent of compassion will he always speak of those who, like him, "have loved the Church before they have believed!" In order that he may some day merit membership in the Church, he accepts, he offers, all his hardships (and his column, during the crossing of the Adrar Souttouf in August, 1912, experienced weeks of extreme privation). He is confident that God, if He reduces him (against his will) to a way of life like that which the ascetics of Upper Egypt lived of their own free choice, will render him the same rewards which He bestowed on them.

"In my loneliness certain virtues, to which before I had given scarcely a thought, came to appear as the loftiest which can enrich a soul. But they all were *Christian* virtues—renunciation, humility, detachment from the world, the penitential spirit, asceticism,

chastity,—not merely physical, which is common, but even of the spirit. I discovered an infinite joy in breathing for the first time the sweet perfume of the Christian virtues.

"Undoubtedly, I said to myself, there are great souls among those who do not believe. But they are rare. One finds unselfishness, courage and kindness among those who dwell the farthest from the Church—no one can deny it. But from that way of purgation through which the Savior was now leading me, how common, how rude, on analysis, these virtues appeared! How inadequate for a soul of refinement! I called to mind the most shining examples of virtue which had been held up before me by that godless world in which I had lived. In the light of what I know of the saints and of their pattern, Jesus Christ, they appeared pitiable. Of course, to be a good father, to be a virtuous spouse, a good mother, to do, in all good faith, one's human duty—one must not belittle these. But, so it seemed to me, all these rank small in the eyes of Him who has imposed on those souls who are truly chosen demands whose weight the scales of mere human morality cannot measure."

And he recalls some of the gospel texts which have struck him most: If any man come to me and hate not his father . . . For whosoever will save his life shall lose it . . . Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die . . . And ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned to joy . . . Blessed are ye when men shall hate you . . . Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning . . . Be ye therefore perfect. . . .

"These terrible precepts rose up in my memory and I said to myself that it is Jesus, and He alone, who has given commands like these: Die to yourselves, be meek, lose yourself in my love . . . In the face of this spiritual abundance, this sovereign power, this plenitude which breathes from the smallest words of Jesus, what are the poor commandments which man makes? And then I thought upon those who have faithfully executed these orders; I turned my thoughts towards the saints and the blessed, and it was impossible for me to deny that they are the loftiest examples of humanity which the world has seen. Then, after this gaze of love towards heaven, I could not bring myself to believe that the longing for those most fragrant virtues was to

be forever forbidden me. Is the religion false which proclaims a code like this? . . ."

No, it could not be false. And on June 15, 1912, he wrote to Jacques Maritain, his confidant during these month of waiting (and confidant of so many other souls; himself a convert, but from Protestantism—but above all, an apostle; today professor of scholastic philosophy at the Catholic Institute of Paris—the grandson of Jules Favre): "Every attempt to escape Catholicism is an absurdity; for, whether we like it or not, we are Christians; and a sin of ingratitude, for *there is nothing great, nothing beautiful in our hearts which does not come from Catholicism.* We shall not be able to wipe out twenty centuries of history, preceded by a whole eternity. And just as science was founded by believers, so also all that is noble and sublime in our morality comes from that same grand and unique source of Christianity, from whose abandonment flow false morality and false science." But immediately he adds: "Despite all that I have not the faith, I am, if I dare say so absurd a thing, a catholic without the faith. I think of myself, and sadly enough, when I read those fine lines (of Maritain himself): 'It would appear that in these days truth is too strong for souls. . . .' and I wonder how harshly you will hold me to account for this impiety of mine. In spite of it it seems to me that I detest just those whom you detest, and love those whom you love; that I scarcely differ from you except in that grace has not touched me.

"Grace! There is the mystery of mysteries. Now you will say that I must not fall into Jansenist heresy, that man is free and that he can by his works—if not force—at least provoke grace (perhaps this is poorly expressed). No; I realize that having reached the cross roads where I am now there is nothing left to do except to wait. 'Become a fool,' Pascal would say to me; but that is impossible. One can no more turn fool than he can give himself brains. Shall I read, shall I listen? But at Emmaus the disciples believed not, even after Christ's own instruction. *Deum quem in Scripturae Sacrae expositione non cognoverant, in panis fractione cognoscunt,* says St. Gregory, in a phrase which haunts me. Unlike the blind man who seeks no cure, I beg, I cry to the God who will not come . . ."

This God was not far away: "Is he not already in some sort a Christian, this man who desires that his soul may gush forth

within him, who thirsts for a more than mere human virtue, who longs to dwell with the angels and no longer with brutes, who wills to lift himself, unceasingly to spiritualize himself, whose heart is so vast that it overflows the bounds of this earth? . . . Does not heaven already claim him who shows this mysterious preference? . . .

"Beyond the furthest glow of the horizon I can feel the presence of all the souls of the apostles, the virgins and the martyrs, with the unnumbered army of witnesses and confessors. They take me by storm; by main force they carry me away towards high heaven, and with my whole heart I long for their purity, I long for their humility, I long for the chasity which girds them and the holiness which crowns them, I long for their grace and for their strength. I cannot hold back. . . .

"Oh my God! Deign to look upon this misery and this trust. Have pity on one who has been sick for thirty years . . .

" 'Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled.' Yes, Lord, I rejoice that I hunger, that I mourn, that I am solitary and destitute. But when I shall hunger, when I shall mourn, when I shall be lonely for love of Thee, then my rejoicing shall abound even to the verge of death. All this present hunger and this sadness are no more than a shadow of that hunger, of that mortal sadness which Thou, Lord, shall send me in accordance with Thy promise.

" 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Behold me then, my God! I am naked, stretched on a foul dung-hill, and already, like Lazarus before Thou didst touch him, I stink. Nevertheless, O God of mercy, behold my soul which I give Thee, that nothing, not even it, may remain to me."

He wrote these last lines during the second week of August, 1912. The 15th of October following was a day of great illumination: "On October 15th, 1912, when I was quitting the encampment of Agoatin, I experienced great anguish of heart. An entire period of my life fell away abruptly into the past. Behind me a great and gloomy crevasse opened. A dull twilight settled down upon my years of misery.

"But at the same time the light of dawn was breaking, a dawn of youth and of purity,—and in front of me a celestial radiance overspread the horizon. This time I knew whither I

went. I was going towards Holy Church, catholic, apostolic and Roman, I was going towards the abode of peace and of blessing, towards joy, towards health; I was going, alas! towards my healing. And then, thinking of that true mother who for years had awaited me, there, across two continents, and who from afar stretched forth her arms which pardon all, I wept from very joy, from love and from gratitude.

"Yes, it was glorious truth which called to me from afar, from my own sweet native land. The whole Christian order displayed itself before me, as against a revivified sky; before me there arose an immense and majestic temple, founded upon solid rock, a temple of reason and of divine wisdom; and all the lines of this temple were so straight, so pure and so unified that, before it, one could have no other wish than to dwell forever within its shadow, far away from the fickleness and the illusions of the world. . . . ."

There follows a tremendous profession of faith, in the form of meditation and contemplation, embracing the Creed and its chief articles, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, original sin and its transmission, Redemption,—which brings us eventually to the Communion of the Saints, the theory of indulgences, the worth of asceticism, the Church and her history, the infallible Papacy, Christ's second advent and the problem of the salvation of infidels; at last to the Eucharist and to that supreme act of faith and of eucharistic longing which will have been read at the head of these lines.

Two months later (the end of December, 1912) he was in Paris, where he was awaited by his friends with a confidence which was not wholly free from anxiety. In Paris he felt himself expatriated. What recollection is possible in the midst of Parisian life? "In Mauritania I was infinitely closer to my goal," he writes to Maritain. His mind was preoccupied with the effect his conversion would have upon his mother. But even this trouble did nothing except to intensify the desire, "the haste to behold at last the true light;" without that it was impossible to contemplate a return to the desert. And then his reading was feverish and inordinate; each day he threw himself on a new book, wishing to make up for lost time. Fortunately he had prayer to fall back upon:

"I know, now, that nothing is so good as prayer, for invariably

I begin it with distaste and yet I never fail to conclude it in joy and peace of heart. What can be the far-reaching power which these words have, thus to work upon a heart so closed and hard?" (From a letter to Maritain.)

He prayed, and others were praying for him. Mme. Maritain (a convert like her husband, and converted at the same time, but from Judaism) notes in her diary the details of interviews between the two friends:

"18th January, 1913.—Jacques sees Ernest; he speaks the language of a Christian.

"21st.—Jacques has seen Ernest, who told him that he may wish him to arrange an interview with a priest.

"23rd.—Ernest calls; he appears troubled. On Sunday he is to go with Jacques to hear mass at the cathedral (of Versailles); the manner of saying mass is explained to him.

"Sunday, the 26th.—Ernest and Jacques together attended the high mass; both returned immensely moved. Ernest told Jacques that in church he felt himself at home. And, indeed, Jacques was astonished at his ease there and his devotion. He went on to say: 'Confession,—it will not be easy, and above all . . . that firm purpose . . . ' Already he prays much, and especially to our Lady. Visibly the faith of his baptism awakens and works in him. Of his own accord he has decided to go every Sunday to the high mass. Pére Clérissac should be here within eight days.

"Sunday, 2nd February.—Ernest and Jacques assisted at mass in the Rue d'Ulm. Ernest was absorbed and uncommunicative. Jacques came home disquieted.

"3rd February.—Jacques arrived with Ernest about eleven. Pére Clérissac towards noon. We saw that they took to each other and are congenial. Ernest is so direct and so frank with the Father. . . . Luncheon full of emotion. After luncheon the Father led Ernest off to the park. They were gone for two hours during which time we did not cease from prayer. Everything was about to be decided. At last they returned, and the Father put before us the program which had been arranged and which filled us with joy: Tomorrow confession, then confirmation at the first moment possible, and on Sunday first communion; then, in thanksgiving a pilgrimage to Chartres. Ernest has understood the Father completely, and the latter could discover no

resistance in him, 'a straightforward soul and entirely filled with faith.'"

The morrow was to be the great day of pardon:

"Tuesday, 4th February.—Towards four o'clock the Father and Ernest arrive. Our little chapel is all decked; the candles are lighted, two fine new candles, blessed on Sunday.

"Kneeling before the statue of our Lady of Salette, with a voice strong and yet greatly moved, Ernest Psichari read the profession of faith of Pius IV and that of Pius X. The Father stands erect, like a witness before God. Jacques and I listen on our knees, trembling with emotion. When this reading is over we depart and the confession begins. While it lasts we pray without ceasing. At last, we are called, and we find Ernest transformed, radiant with happiness. It is an hour of beatitude for all. 'You behold,' the Father tells us, 'a man who belongs entirly to God.' 'And who is happy,' we add. 'Ah, yes! I am happy,' Ernest cries, and it is not hard to believe. One can see already between the Father and Ernest a friendship at once tender and profound, on which Ernest rests joyfully. . . ."

On the Fifth, Ash Wednesday, Pére Clérissac and his neophyte saw Mgr. Gibier at the ceremony of the blessing of the ashes. The date for confirmation was fixed for Saturday the eighth. There Psichari took the name of Paul, in reparation for Renan's attacks on St. Paul.

After the confirmation the bishop enquired his age. "Twenty-nine years," he replied, "a lot of time lost!" And, to express the drama which was being enacted between him and God, he added: "Monseigneur, it seems to me that I have another soul."

The following day came his first communion, at the chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Infancy; then the pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Chartres. On his return he confided to Pére Clérissac: "I feel that I can give to God all that He may demand."

He belonged to God entirely. He made his communion every day. Every day he recited the office of the Blessed Virgin. He made his whole life one unbroken prayer. For him prayer was not only the first duty, but "the normal attitude of the creature who desires to maintain his post beneath his Creator." And to retain his post, to be in his place, is the great care of this Christian soldier.

For his friends it was a constant marvel to see him thus enter into the Christian life *de plain pied,* without preparation, without apprenticeship, without transition, as though he had been a Catholic always. "He knows all without having been taught anything," said Massis; "he makes up his own prayers and they turn out to be the same which the Church has poured forth throughout the ages." He cries out, in the intoxication of his discoveries: "My Saviour, is it then so simple to love Thee!"

Another trait which impressed his friends was his joy, the profound and frank happiness which thenceforth clothed his spirit. Would he have been a Christian without that? On a sudden one saw in him that gaiety of heart which salvation brings, that revealing joy of the freedom of the children of God, the fruit of love, of the love which knows and weds its object, *gaudium de veritate.* One saw something luminous in his eyes, something of confidence and of tenderness, which spoke to all of the childlike innocence of his soul.

"What are," he writes Pére Clérissac, "what are the small sufferings of the body beside that shining hope which forces us to our knees as often as a moment of solitude is granted us? If only the whole world could know what the life of a Christian is we should see no longer these unfortunates who reject obstinately the paradise which is offered to them. Oh, that I might make them but glimpse, that I might show them, my tears of joy each time that I approach my God! . . . You have taught me, my dearly beloved Father, that, as St. Angela says, there is but one book to read,—the Cross. May I achieve to write that book, within me, that I may make amends for so many years of ignorance, and that I may merit the graces which it has pleased our Lord to send me. . . . Tell me what I must do to thank the good God; tell me how I may return to Him some small portion of what He has given me; for I receive much and give nothing, so that almost I am crushed to earth by the weight of His mercies. . . ."

Everything in the Church drew his love and everywhere in the Church he found matter for edification. He was not one of those superior neophytes who no sooner enter the Church than they exalt themselves into universal censors and find cause only for reproach and for sneers. Huysmans, for example, was a sincere

convert, as he proved to all, even the most sceptical, by the patience with which he bore the long trial of his final illness. But the man whom "everything disgusted," the man who, from his first book as a convert, poured out his sarcasm upon the clergy, "the off-scouring of the seminaries," (though later he made exception of the Benedictine order),—such a man could scarcely be set up as a model. As a contrast, Psichari was enraptured with what his faith, full of charity, made him find in our clergy. In June, 1913, he writes from Cherbourg, where he had rejoined his regiment after the expiration of his furlough:

"I must try to tell, if God will only give me the words, how admirable a body of our clergy are, how penetrated with the most manly Christian virtues, superior, perhaps, to what they have been at any former time. In village as in town the presbytery is the only corner where intelligence takes refuge,—for I do not call by this name the poor depraved intelligence of the intellectuals,—the only spot where there is genuine life, where one is sure always to find not only brave men, but men having the very finest comprehension of all things, the most just perception combined with the shrewdest reason. It is said that there are no more saints today. Ah! if the Church only permitted, I could tell that there are and where they are."

He had been received into the Third Order of St. Dominic in September, 1913, at the monastery of Rijckolt in Holland. It was a first step. But he realized, though still confusedly, that it was to something other than a lay apostolate that God was calling him: "What ought I to do, and what, precisely, is it which God wishes of me? . . . I do not know; but it is in a great peace and a true calm that I await the manifestation of His Will." (Letter of Feb. 8, 1914).

It was a peace, however, which did not exclude anguish, the anxiety of a humble soul conscious of its own unworthiness: "I await quite simply for the Savior to say, if He deems me fit, 'Arise and come. . . .' Often I am weighed down by the certainty of what will be demanded of me; I fear; I feel myself unprepared; but even so I know that I shall be forced to surrender, and I hear clearly that interior voice saying those adorable and ever present words, *Alius te cinget et ducet quo tu non vis.* May the will of the Lord Jesus, and not mine, be done!"

At first the secular priesthood was suggested to him. And he rejoiced to think that perhaps, some day, he would be a country curé, taking, in some Breton presbytery, the place which his grandfather should have occupied. That poor grandfather: how happy his grandson will be if he can make expiation for him! For he had been taught not to dispair of the salvation of anyone. He had been told that perhaps at the very moment of appearing before God the soul of Renan had been eased of its burden by the prayer of some Carmelite, by the tears of some humble contemplative. . . . May one not go further, may one not hope that it is to his prayers, to him, Ernest Psichari and to his merits today, that the soul of Renan, twenty years later (he died in 1892) may owe its salvation? With God there is neither past nor future; for Him everything is present. The soul for which we pray today was judged at the instant of its death; but at that very instant our prayers of today were present to God; and God, in consideration of those merits which were present to Him, may have infused into that dear soul, at the supreme moment, the effacacious grace of conversion. What we do today, what we shall do tomorrow, may have decided yesterday the verdict on that anguished soul for which we mourn. . . . And reciprocally, if the soul of Renan is saved, if it is, then, a holy soul, may we not believe it to have been interceding with God during those Maroccan years, to call down upon his grandson the grace of salvation and of light? . . . How grand at once and how consoling are these perspectives! "Conjectures all," some will say. Yes, but which have a doctrinal foundation; simple hopes which may have been held in check by human liberty, but hopes which find support upon a truth of doctrine.

Then it was the religious life which drew him. In the summer of 1914 he fixed his choice: he will enter the Order of St. Dominic. But it was to another immolation that God was calling him. The war broke out. He left on the second day of the mobilization, saying to the priest who was his director at Cherbourg (M. Bailleul, vicar of Holy Trinity): "I go to this war as to a crusade, for I feel that the two great causes to which I have vowed my life are at stake."

On the evening of August 22nd, towards six o'clock, at St. Vincent-Rossignol (near Neufchateau in Belgium), after having

stood for twelve hours under an appalling fire, he was killed by a bullet in the temple. Those who saw him were struck by the calmness of his face. His rosary, which he had been able to seize, was wound about his hands. At the age of thirty, having accomplished all, God called him into life and into glory, in a holocaust "freely consented to and consummated in union with the sacrifice of the altar," as his friend Jacques Maritain has borne witness.

The Other Side

Rev. T. B. Rennell

[Editorial Note:—The AMERICAN CHURCH MONTHLY is published in the interest of the Catholic religion and especially of the Catholic religion as taught by the Anglican communion. It is well for us, both editors and readers, to be informed as to the success which attends our presentment of our great cause. The eloquent writer of the following article finds little that he can relish in either the cause or its presentment, and he asks space of us that our readers may hear "the other side." His style is somewhat heated, and even, in places, verges on the rancorous. We ask pardon, in advance, of any readers—whether they be Anglo-Catholics, "Broad Churchmen," or adherents of the Roman communion—who may feel that their convictions are hardly dealt with, begging them constantly to bear in mind that the words are not ours, but come from *the other side*.]

AS I read the various expressions of dissatisfaction with our Church which come from the pens of Churchmen who extravagantly insist on their own Catholicity, I feel like the psalmist,—"My heart was hot within me; and while I was thus musing the fire kindled; and at last I spake with my tongue."

It does seem a pity that the majority of us cannot be drugged into a forgetfulness of the Reformation, or at least its lessons; it does seem a pity that the majority of us cannot be charmed into forgetting the fruits of medieval theology and its practices, so that our Church might be patterned more to the liking of these reactionaries and discontents, but I for one hope and pray that it will ever be the pleasure of our Most Gracious Lord to continue the Anglican Communion in that capacity which has been its characteristic, at least since the Reformation, namely, the sole corporate witness in this world of primitive and truly Catholic Christianity. A Christianity so ancient that it knows nothing of the corruptions of Rome; a Catholicity so true that it cannot be narrowed by any such modifier as "Roman."

These people make me think of certain Americans who make a great fuss about establishing their Americanism, but who were dissatisfied with America during the war and since have spent their energies in trying to prove that Germany was more sinned against than sinning. They are Americans to be sure, but we know they are a certain kind of Americans; a certain qualifier must explicitly or implicity precede that grand name if they are to be unmistakably identified and faithfully classified. They are *German* Americans. And so it is with Catholics. There are true Catholics and there are Roman Catholics.

Abraham and Lot came to the parting of the ways; Lot chose; Abraham took what was left. Lot chose the fertile plain, Abraham took the lonely wastes of the mountains—but Abraham became the "friend of God," while Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. The fascination of the lights of that great city of the plain! The longing for the fellowship of kindred spirits! The idealizing and idolizing of the life of the city! When Scripture again raised the curtain on Lot he was living in Sodom.

I am sure that many of us feel that the parting of the ways is not very far ahead for us, perhaps not farther than the next Triennial, but if this cursed thing, schism, must be, let faithful Churchmen pray that a strong remnant may be left; strong in faith; strong in holiness, both personal and corporate; strong in uncompromising witness to the truth as it was once revealed.

But why must there be schism in our Blessed Communion? We are celebrating today a centennial of missionary achievement which did more to weld together the extremes of opinion in our Church than any other palpable agency! Those who expressly call themselves Catholic justify their practices as being a protest against the Unitarianism and paganism of the Broad Church Party. The Broad Party having died spiritually has certainly gone the limit. Their repudiation of the creeds and sacraments and their disloyalty to the faith of the Church and the essential and distinguishing facts of Christianity has forced them to take cover under the camouflage of "Social Service." A thing which is so dead that nothing could be deader, unless it be the materialism of Rome or the formalism of the extreme "Catholic" party.

Every Christian knows that every man is his brother and that unless he takes such interest in and care of him as he can, that himself is "worse than an infidel." But to co-ordinate this care

of the weak, or the ones we may select to *call* weak, and make the same a corporate activity of the whole Church, involving as it must, meddling with organized labor and politics, shall undoubtedly bring to us the rich reward that Prohibition brought to certain Protestant bodies, that is,—spiritual death. They chose and they got what they asked for. There was a time when some of those Societies had much more spiritually than Catholics generally, but the questionable and devious ways by which prohibition was put over cost them every drop of spirituality they ever had. They tried to reform politics but politics reformed them.

We recognize all this! But, Catholic brethren, two wrongs never made one right, and the more you lean toward Rome, the more you widen the breach in our Church.

Extremes are never right. Extremes are of the devil. The truth always lies between extremes! Why then *try* to cure one wrong with another and equal one? The choice for Anglicans is between either of these extremes on the one hand and loyalty to their infinitely rich heritage, their Prayer Book, on the other.

So let us stand pat. Compromise is weakness; disloyalty is crime. One of the few things utterly intolerable to our Lord was divided allegiance! No man can serve two masters. So let us stand pat! Let us stand pat! Let us rally around the Incarnation as our Church states this cardinal truth, not as Rome, which manages to get out of it more glory for St. Mary than for our blessed Lord and Saviour. Let us appropriate the Atonement—not look on it as a vicarious thing; for there is one thing in this world which has no substitute, and that is personal responsibility! Let us arm ourselves with the full revelation of the Faith contained in the Creeds! Let us strengthen ourselves with prayer and the Sacraments! And let us reassure ourselves and re-establish our position with the authoritative statements of the written Word.

Never forget this fact: all we see of the schism and disintegration of Christendom today is chargeable to Rome. For a long time people demanded house-cleaning, when Rome by hook or by crook, principally the latter, had secured domination of the Western Church; but Rome chose to force upon us a bloody Reformation, whose bitter fruits shall continue to ripen until the end of the age.

The friends of Rome, who are generally traitors to Catholicity, try to tell us that Rome today is a very different Rome from the tyrant-harlot of the Reformation! Other people try to tell us that Germany is a different Germany from the proud and unscrupulous thief-murderer of 1914! Time will shortly give the lie to both of these inventions.

They speak of the counter reformation! Can a lion be reformed by extracting its teath? It still has claws! The Philistines thought that Samson was reformed when they cut his hair and put out his eyes!

I'll tell you what Rome is today! Rome is like a powerful, rich merchant with plenty of money and patience, waiting to buy out his rivals when they fail and constantly doing all he can to hasten their dissolution, so he alone may dominate the field of enterprise.

You think Rome has reformed? The spirit of the Beast and the lust for world power are only gathering strength from the rest they are taking in her!

What has Rome to offer Anglicans? Nothing of spiritual and eternal value that we do not already possess! Our heritage is far more pure and wholesome than Rome's. With her almost every part of the Faith and Practice of Primitive Christianity is tainted with corruption and exaggeration and extravagance and excess. What Rome has to offer Anglicans is what Aladdin's magician had to offer for the marvellous lamp—"New lamps for old"! Transubstantiation and medieval thought generally, have so fastened themselves upon the Roman system that I believe St. Peter today would look long and mildly on it and say, "This is as closely related to the system I taught, as the people of this generation are related to Adam."

What was the great mistake of the medieval Church? The Papacy? No! This is only one manifestation of the Great Mistake. What was it? *This,* and please notice this, *they elevated tradition to a place of equal authority with Scripture,* and upon that mistake turns the whole history of Western Christendom.

Tradition no sooner became the equal of Scripture, than, like Hagar of old, she began to shoulder the real mistress out of her own house!

Please stop and visualize this picture—see two tall cliffs far apart and separated by a great chasm. Call one cliff *"Beginning"* and the other *"Ending"* and call the chasm *"Time."* Notice a

strong cable or rope stretched from cliff to cliff and call this rope *"Truth."* Now look again and see that figure walking across that rope. Who is it? The Church! And that staff she balances herself with, what is it? One end is weighted with the whole of her past and the other end with the Holy Scriptures!

So it is brethren; so it has ever been and ever shall be, as long as time lasts. The Church is called upon to walk the tight rope of Truth, balancing herself with a staff weighted at one end with the whole of her own history, not some favored part, as the tenth century or the fifth; and on the other end with the canonical Scriptures.

Let us steady and balance ourselves with these tests and Rome will fail to make any further appeal to honest Catholics of the Anglican Communion.

What has Rome to offer Anglican Catholics? *A religion long on worship but short on morals!*

After Abraham and Lot came to the parting of the ways, many things happened. History, that restless moulder of fate, continued in the making. Lot chose Sodom and cast his portion with the city. The city went the way of all world cities and Lot lost his all and died miserably, leaving in the world cursed races of men born of incest, who should ever be a thorn in the flesh of Israel.

Abraham chose the City of God and cast his portion with it, and died possessed not only of the things Lot coveted and lost, but also possessed of the much richer heritage, for he was the "friend of God" and "the father of Promise."

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Herein is the real equator of humanity. A line, only a line of no thickness or width, merely a line, but that line divides hemispheres, worlds in fact. That line separates North from South; it is the great line of cleavage of all humanity, for it separates the children of Seth from the children of Cain; the spiritual from the carnal; the heavenly from the earthly; the eternal from the transitory.

"It is written that Abraham had two sons; the one by a bondmaid, the other by a free woman. But he who was born of the bond woman, was born after the flesh, but he of the free woman was by promise." Which family do you belong to? If material-

ism is your goal, then Rome is your Church—Rome, strong, definite, well equipped to fight and hold its own in this world. Rome, the Mohammedanism of Christianity is yours—Rome will welcome you and swallow you and you will be Rome's and Rome will be yours, oh time serving Esau!

But if your treasure is in another world, an impalpable spirit world; if you have "the patience of the saints" and "await the Lord's leisure," you will not look for a Church of great worldly strength and proportions and definiteness, because among other things you realize that spiritual truth cannot be regimented and absolutely defined in the language of man.

Your portion will be Jacob's, who for the hope that was set before him, became a stranger and pilgrim in this world and an exile from his father's home, dispossessed of his earthly inheritance and suffering many afflictions and trials of his faith; and your Church will be the weak and despised and scorned, but truly spiritual Anglican Communion, the real City of God in this world.

Letters from the Orient

Elizabeth Matthews

Chosen Hotel, Seoul, Korea,
March 19, 1921.

My Dearest Mother:

We have had two such interesting days! I wonder if I can possibly convey a half of it to you? From Miyajima we took a 4.10 train, the same we arrived by twenty-four hours before, on to Shimoneseki (this was on Thursday), had tea and dinner on the train, getting to Shimoneseki at 8.50 p. m. We went at once to the boat, the Shimagi Maru, about the size of the Wilhelmina. We had a nice cabin to ourselves, getting off at 9.30, baggage examination a mere form. We made the dock about 8.45 next morning and had our first sight of these extraordinary people.

I knew about their queer little horsehair hats, but if I ever heard, I'd forgotten that the whole nation wears white (except the children, and they wear nothing but plain colors, no figured materials whatever). Of course, it was the coolie class down on the wharf.

They don't seem to shave or cut their hair, and there was a group there that might have appeared on the stage as pirates without touching up one hair! The train for Seoul was standing on the dock—cars much like our Pullmans. This railroad was built by the Russians and on a big scale, wide gauge, very unlike anything the Japanese would do; more comfortable from our point of view, but not for them, as they usually travel in a reclining position. As the train did not start for an hour, after securing seats—and, thanks to Tominaga, we were the first people to have our passports examined, and so got choice places on the train—we walked up and down the wharf and studied the natives, which was really my occupation all day. We travelled from 9.50 a. m. to 7.50 p. m., through a bleak and barren country, mountains that were bare and seemed covered with slack not hard rock, most of the time along a sandy river bed; a river that Tomi says does a great deal of damage in flood; sometimes the valley was wide and then there were fairly good-sized fields under cultivation—rice fields. Oxen were being used for ploughing and to carry loads; bridges of the most primitive construction; a good many small villages of mud houses with untidy thatched roofs, very irregularly huddled together, hovels really, very hard to distinguish from the cowsheds; no streets. They looked more like African villages than anything I can recall. At sunset the villages seemed on fire because of the smoke hanging over them, pouring out from under the eaves and open door, no chimneys! Not one aesthetic element in the landscape; no shrines nor temples could we see; but the hills, where not laid out in rice terraces, were dotted with round mounds Tomi said were graves. At this season there was little green in the landscape, but when the sun was out and while the river was broad, the coloring was beautiful; hills a mauvish mole, river greenish blue, villages straw color and everywhere these whiteclad figures. They are a fairly big people sometimes rather majestic, only it takes a surplus of dignity to carry off the tiny horsehair hat. Occasionally one sees a man wearing a huge basket work hat, which Tomi said was a mourning hat, and we've learned today is worn only when mourning for one's father. Lighter grief is typified by wearing white or tan horsehair! While there was little variety in the scene it was all so new and so unbelievably primitive I never tired of looking from the window.

There was a missionary family on the train returning from furlough; we guessed them to be Lutherans. At several stations they were met by Korean Christians. When clean the dress was not unattractive. Some of the men wore light gray or tan coats and looked less like being in night shirts.

This hotel is run by the Japanese Government and is supposed to be one of the best in the Orient. We have a room with bath; the hotel is steam heated. There is really hot water and the table is good, so you see we are comfortable.

We had seen a notice of services at the Anglican Church—"Holy Communion First Sunday of the Month." I decided Palm Sunday would surely be an exception and determined to find the church (which was next the British Consulate) and see what notice was up there. So at 9.30 the three of us in rikishas started off for the Consulate first of all. The church, a native sort of building, had the same notice, and while we were gazing at it "the pastor," as Tomi called him, appeared nearby. He was a priest in cassock and biretta, the Rev. Father Hunt, he told us in time.

Well, it was the greatest luck finding him. This is a truly Catholic mission. The Sisters of St. Peter have an orphanage and girls' hostel (boarding home for girls attending the Government High School). He quite warmed up to us in time (when he found that I was sympathetic). He offered at once to celebrate the Eucharist for us unless we'd care to attend the Korean service at eight, which we much preferred doing. He showed us where it would be held and just where we should kneel, etc. Then he took us all over the grounds, into his own house, a Korean one; into a native Christian's—I judge the sexton's; into the orphanage and Boys' and Girls' Hostels. They are all home on spring vacation now; no sisters were about, only native workers.

Then he took us to his office to show us a model of the cathedral they hope to build and photographs of their work in the country. He said their Bishop was expected next week. He had been at the Anglo-Catholic Congress at Lambeth and was coming back via the U. S. A., where he hoped to get funds. The Congress is giving them something from their great offering.

I can't tell you what a pleasure it was to see and hear all he had to say. It was just as unlike any work of ours (that I have seen) as it can be—all native buildings. Father Hunt can hardly stand

up in his house and sleeps on the floor. Seemingly, money is very scarce, the place is almost squalid, but there must be tremendous devotion. Father Hunt told us that, strangely enough, the Koreans do not drink tea, but a light wine; and they are, he says, a nation of drunkards—one explanation of the pass in which they find themselves—but he loves them evidently; says many of them are true aristocrats. He gave us a lot of first-hand information and bade us farewell till the morrow.

Then, under Tomi's escort, we visited what remains of one of the royal palaces, none of it very good; and then an exhibition of Korean handicraft, much of it desperately expensive, alas! for much of it was lovely. I can't tell you how desolate this place looks. Only years of mis-government could lead to such squalor, and, of course, the Japanese have no interest in keeping up Korean historic monuments. We ended the morning by going to the Severance Hospital, a joint Presbyterian and Methodist American and Canadian Missionary Hospital. It is a medical school as well as a hospital. We ran into Mrs. H—, who is staying with Mrs. K—, wife of a Presbyterian missionary. We are asked to tea with them tomorrow night, so we shall certainly see all the varieties of mission work. One piece of luck was seeing in the doctor's office one of the great Korean Christians, known as the Grand Old Man of Korea, once secretary of their legation at Washington. He is a great patriot and has often been in prison. Once while there he found under his mat a Gospel according to St. John. Already a monotheist, he came out of prison a Christian. He is head of the department of religious work of the Y. M. C. A. here. A noble old figure, he is, too.

We met the head nurse, an American, formerly in Persia, where she had to leave because the altitude was too great. She has only been in Seoul three weeks. In some ways the hospital did not imprss me as being as well run as St. Luke's, Tokyo, while the buildings are better than the present St. Luke's. For instance, to save expense the charity patients are all fed from home—you can imagine what that would mean! They spoke with great respect of Dr. Teusler; said we had the *only* medical work in Japan. Other missions had all given up their hospitals and now saw, too late, what a great mistake that had been.

After breakfast Tomi took us out in a motor; first up the mountain side to the beginnings of a public park, where we got a really fine view; then out across the city into the country to see the

"Queen's Tomb." This is the tomb of the last Queen of Korea. She died some ten years ago. It was the crudest, most primitive looking mausoleum! Certainly Korean art has deteriorated! The art we had seen in the museum, mostly pottery taken from the tombs between the tenth and fourteenth centuries, seems to prove that their civilization was once much higher. This tomb is unbelievable, being so modern and, of course, like all things Korean, neglected. The son of this woman lives in Seoul and is the Prince Li whose museum and exhibition of Korean handicraft we had visited the day before. His son has been educated in Japan, married to a Japanese princess and lives in Tokyo. There is a very strong independence movement in Korea. Mrs. K— told us that this wearing of white so exclusively is part of it—a refusal to abandon Korean ways or to be assimilated.

American missionaries are in a difficult position, as you may imagine. All the newspapers out here speak as though war between America and Japan were inevitable! I suppose you have heard of Yap and the trouble about the cables? Well, you would think that Mr. Harding and his Cabinet sat up nights over that and nothing else. In spite of this talk (which I suppose is propaganda, certainly of a devilish kind) we have met with the greatest courtesy in Japan. It must be said they can't tell Americans and English apart—the subtle difference escapes them. I suppose it is the same type of difference which I can hardly detect between Chinese and Japanese, when dressed alike, say, in Honolulu. Now, Korea is praying for war between Japan and America as their best chance. I judge that the Protestant missionaries we met at Seoul are mostly anti-Japanese. Mr. H— had told us in Japan that it would be folly for them to encourage the Koreans to expect independence *ever;* but, then, he is pro-Japanese, seeing them at home, where undoubtedly they appear to the best advantage. Naturally the Christian Japanese understand and love America. I thought Mr. —— in Seoul was really indiscreet. He was hot about a recent outrage. The Sunday before a native pastor and his whole congregation had been arrested. A man in praying for Korea had invoked God to cast the devil out of the country. Mr. — said the Japanese always take any reference to the devil as meaning themselves! (One advantage about a liturgy—when we speak of the devil it's clear whom we mean). The Japanese are handicapped by having

no sense of humor, which is a virtue both Koreans and Chinese do enjoy. The pastor was still in prison and one of the deacons—or was it the man who prayed?—had come to the hospital with marks on his body from the torture he had undergone. Baron—I can't give his name, never having gotten it straight—"the Grand Old Man," was recently interviewed about the independence movement. He had a lot of fun with the officials. They asked him if he knew who headed the committee? Yes, he did. And who was on it? Yes, he knew them all. Could and would he give the names? Assuredly. After getting their hopes up to fever pitch, he drew himself up and said: "The head of the movement is God Almighty and the whole Korean nation is on the committee."

We had the Sunday evening with Mrs. K—. She is a Wellesley girl, and a very sweet, pleasant young woman. Her husband is in charge of the Japanese work in Korea. They say the Japanese are much more receptive in Korea than at home, and, of course, it is immensely important work. Mr. H— and Mr. K— are off on a tour of inspection and Mrs. H— is staying with Mrs. K—, who has one 8-year-old boy, a sweet little fellow; nice to see an American child again! I quite enjoyed the evening with these intelligent, congenial women. The K's had been doing rural Korean work till just recently and she told us a good deal, many things of interest about them. She made one perfectly amazing remark. She had mentioned that her husband had been in charge of 53 mission stations. I said: "Of course many of these had native pastors." She replied: "Not many; we don't much like to ordain Koreans. Our experience had been that the most successful stations were those without pastors. It made the people more self-reliant. Of course, they could not have the sacrament except when Mr. K— came."

Leaving out of consideration that last sentence (and the fact that they evidently aren't picking the right type of men for ministers), what kind of an idea of a church have they? I really was speechless, so I only murmured: "Strange, it does not work well at home." And she replied: "Well, it does here!"

I am so glad to have seen this other work besides our own, and to have seen the type of people who are doing it. Like us, they have both kinds, crude and cultivated. I wonder how Mr. H— would have reacted to that Mass Sunday morning—if *he* would have felt the reverence and reality? I asked what made Korean work promising, what there was to build on; and they said their immense

receptivity, their responsiveness, and the fact that they were in large measure self-supporting—a church of laity altogether I fear! Surely they must lack all sense of the Church as a corporate orrganism. They believe only in organization.

BOOK REVIEWS

Moral Values and the Idea of God. The Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of Aberdeen in 1914 and 1915 by W. R. Sorley, Litt.D., LL.D. New York: Putnam, 1919.

We Christians are sure that goodness is at least as real as a mountain, and that the presence of goodness in the world somehow assures us of the existence of God. But can we give a reason for the faith that is in us? Can the philosophically learned priest fit those two propositions readily into his philosophy; and, if he is called upon to discuss such things with learned laymen, is he armed with a clear understanding of the problem? If not, he will find this book of the greatest assistance in his thinking.

Professor Sorley presents a keen and original argument for the being of God, akin to, but quite distinct from the old Moral Argument; in a form that is, to any one used to philosophical reasoning, most delightful reading. The argument starts with a study of the thesis that the order of values has objective reality quite as truly as the order of nature. It leads through a brilliant study of moral values in relation to the order of nature on the one hand, and to the individual subject on the other; and reaches the conclusion that only in the idea of God can we find a ground on which the order of nature and the order of values can possibly be conceived as parts of a single whole.

A quotation from page 466 will serve to indicate the line of thought:

"Now of the moral order of the universe we have discovered that it does belong to the order of reality, and further that it cannot be fitted into a pantheistic conception of that order. Its distinction from, and yet intricate relation to, the natural order, and its implication of freedom in the lives which it claims to rule, forbid the easy solution that the All is simply One. But if the moral order is not altogether sundered from the natural order, if the universe is really a universe and not a multiverse, then we must hold that the moral order is the order of that one mind whose purpose nature and man are slowly fulfilling. Here, therefore, we have a key to the theistic interpretation of the world. The moral order expresses the divine nature; and things partake of this nature in so far as they conform to that order or manifest goodness."

Professor Sorley is the father of that most jubilant of soldier poets, Charles Hamilton Sorley, to whose memory this book is dedicated.

C. L. A.

Three Essays in Restatement. Suggestions from the philosophy of Spiritualism. By the Rev. H. Adye Prichard, M.A. With an introduction by the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. The North Westchester Publishing Company, 1920.

The theses of this book are: First, that the Church should provide "An Orthodoxy of Spiritualism"; second, that the facts of the subconscious establish the reasonableness of "The Communion of Souls"; third, that "body" means a vehicle for the expression of the soul; and therefore that the doctrine of "The Resurrection of the Body" is reasonable, and "the bulwark against the horror of absorption, the suggestion of annihilation"; fourth, that "life is an unbroken growth, and the life that is to be, the life of the world to come, is an integral part of the life that is." Of these, the third is best treated. Loose reasoning spoils the first two; and the fourth is vague.

There are many serious blemishes in these seventy pages. The chief one is the writer's tendency to find in philosophy a hint, a suggestion of a fact, or proof that the fact is not impossible; and then to write as though the fact were established by philosophy. It is a blemish in a book which demands an "Orthodoxy" of Spiritualism, that we are not even told what the Church does teach on the subject. And what can we say of this statement about Spiritualism by a priest: "For power of life, for comfort in sorrow, for light in darkness, for good in evil, there is no avenue (of Christianity) more potent or more vital?" Or this: "Columbus had an intuition of the existence of America?" And a man who was accurate enough to write in that sentence, instead of America, "a route to India" would have been spared us the statement that "The Mystic . . . does not carry out the practical matters of the law of God."

On page 40 there is a splendid sentence, which would-be philosophers should ponder: "Jesus was training settlers in the Kingdom of God, not explorers." The introduction by Dr. Slattery is the best thing in the book.

The Place of the Laity in the Administration and Work of the Church. By the Rt. Rev. J. A. Kempthorne, D.D. New York: Longmans, 1921; pp. 33. 50 cents.

The Lord Bishop of Litchfield in this most interesting and scholarly lecture has set forth the position and the functions of the laity in the Church Catholic. He studies, first, the laity in New Testament times; from which he passes, second, to the Ante-Nicene Period; from this, third, he comes to the times of Constantine and later, and notes a decided

change, the Emperor and his representatives seeming to take the place of the laity as a whole; next, fourth, he treats of the place the laity held under the Roman rule, where the Pope and the clergy assumed all power of direction to the complete exclusion of the laity. Lastly he treats of the position of the laity in the Church of England (1) before, and (2) after the Reformation. All these facts are stated clearly, if concisely and compactly. The lecture closes with a consideration of the place the laity ought to hold in the present day Church of England. As our readers well know, the English Church is rapidly and steadily giving the laity an enlarged share in her work. The tendency seems to be in the direction of putting the English laity in practically the same position that is held by our American laity. This lecture, one of the course of the Liverpool Lectures, is well worth careful reading. F. C. H. W.

Dislocation of the Canon. Address delivered by Viscount Halifax at the annual meeting of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, June 27, 1916. London: S. S. P. P.; n. d.; pp. 16. Price, 6d.

Lord Halifax discusses the dislocation and mutilation of the canon of the mass in the English Prayer Book, with reference to the doctrine of the eucharistic sacrifice, general ltiurgical principles, and the possibility of transposing some of the dislocated parts or the substitution (as now permitted by some English bishops) of the mass from the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. The mass in our American Prayer Book is less open to objection than the English, but that it is anything but perfect all the projects for revision admit. This thoughtful paper will be of value and interest to all those who wish to make the mass as perfect as possible, both in beauty and in teaching force.

The Ministry. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. New York: Scribner's, 1921. $1.25.

First, let every priest of the Church read this book. For he will find there a reflection of that vision of his vocation, which, though it is the guide of his life, is so often dimmed that it needs continual renewing. In the luminous presence of that vision it is evident that this book was written; and the author shows a sympathetic understanding of the varying forms it must take in the minds of different men.

Then let every priest get it into the hands of young men and of their parents. For them it was written, as one of "The Vocational Series." It should not be hard to get them to read it, for it is brief, clear, simple and

interesting. And the author's sincerity and earnestness are so evident that it should make an impression upon every reader.

The book is wisely planned, well written and inspiring—admirably meeting a very great need. I would praise it especially for two things. The first is its breadth. It takes account of the great variety of men who can find in the ministry the fullest expression for their talents, the diversity of the work to be done, and the fact that the call may come in many ways and that the preparation may follow many lines. It paints the ministry as a living thing in a living and changing world. Equally praiseworthy is this fact: while it is not meant only for churchmen, and is so written as to appeal to serious young men of any Christian kind, the writer holds the priesthooood clearly before his eyes and does not compromise that vision. Indeed, a priest reading it cannot but wonder how a young man could find all that Dr. Slattery says of the "Ministry" outside the priesthood of the Church.

The Church should show its gratitude to Dr. Slattery for this timely help by availing itself of it, which means that we should distribute this book broadcast in the hands and the homes of young men.

C. L. A.

A Century of Endeavor. By Julia C. Emery. New York, Department of Missions of the P. E. Church, 1921. pp. xiii+466.

Miss Emery, who for forty years served as the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, has written the history of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of our Church for the one hundred years of its existence. This work is a history, not of the missionary activity of the Church, but of the administrative work and policies of our Missionary Society. Naturally the development of the Missions, domestic and foreign, is touched upon as the story proceeds; but this is merely incidental to the main subject of the book.

The volume opens with a brief survey of the Colonial history of the Church, including the work here of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The author reviews, also, very briefly, this history of our national Church from 1785 to 1821. This latter year saw the foundation of the Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society, whose title was "almost immediately"

changed to the later reading. From this date on, the author traces the history of our missionary administration.

In the light of the experience of most of our people this history of the various attempts to interest the Church in Missions is full of interest. Many and various were the efforts and devices, proposed and carried out with more or less success: the "Every-Member Canvass," the "One Day's Income Plan," "Proportionate Giving," "Apportionment"—together with "designated" and "special" offerings, and the various efforts to rouse interest in our young people, "Army of Christian Soldiers," "Advent and Lenten Offerings," to which may be added the publications, periodical and others, of the Society, notably the "Spirit of Missions" and the growing literature to supply mission study classes. Despite all these endeavors, it seems, from this history, that the year closed only twice in all the century without a discouraging deficit. Of course the author treats rather fully of the Woman's Auxiliary, the Junior Auxiliary, and the Sunday School Auxiliary. Space is also found for an account of the Church Missionary Society, at first a rival and ultimately an Auxiliary of our Society.

The history is carried through the various changes in administrative policy and methods until we arrive at the present administration of the whole work of the Church under the Presiding Bishop and Council.

Bishop Lloyd has written the foreword. Very valuable chronological and historical tables and an excellent index enhance the usefulness of the volume. To all interested in the administration of the business of missions and in the great and useful men and women who filled the offices of the Society and the Woman's Auxiliary this work can be most cordially commended.

We are sorry to note that the binding is quite unsatisfactory. In the copy sent us pp. 259-274 are missing; and pp. 275-290 are doubled, which argues very careless workmanship. F. C. H. W.